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*The Christian Keepsake, and
Missionary Annual*

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The Cave of the Dead

THE
CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE,
AND
MISSIONARY ANNUAL.

EDITED BY THE REV. WILLIAM ELLIS.

1837.

FISHER, SON, & CO.,
LONDON, PARIS. AND AMERICA.

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P R E F A C E.

IN introducing to the Public the **CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE** for 1837, the Editor has much satisfaction in stating, that the exertions of the Proprietors to render its immediate predecessor, the volume for 1836, more generally acceptable, have been rewarded by an approbation so decided, and a measure of encouragement so extensive, as to demand their most grateful acknowledgments.

Carefully adhering to the great objects to which the work has hitherto been devoted, the promotion of piety among its readers, and the diffusion of authentic information respecting the progress and effects of Christianity in different quarters of the world; the Editor confidently anticipates, that, as the **Christian Keepsake** becomes better known, it will be still more generally patronized.

Many of the articles in the present volume are rendered peculiarly acceptable by the importance of the subjects of which they treat, and the writers by whom they are furnished. The present interest and permanent value of the volume will also be greatly enhanced by the number of Portraits it contains, among which, not the least welcome, will be found those of the venerable Clarkson, the companion of Wilberforce—the amiable and highly-gifted Felicia Hemans—and of the Caffre Chief, one of the first-fruits of Christian missions in South Africa: the latter is from an excellent likeness painted expressly for the work.

The Editor feels himself under increasing obligation to the friends who have aided in the literary department of the work; their kindness he would gratefully acknowledge, as well as that of those who have so generously supplied many of the subjects for its embellishments, to which a large measure of the encouragement it may receive will be justly ascribed.

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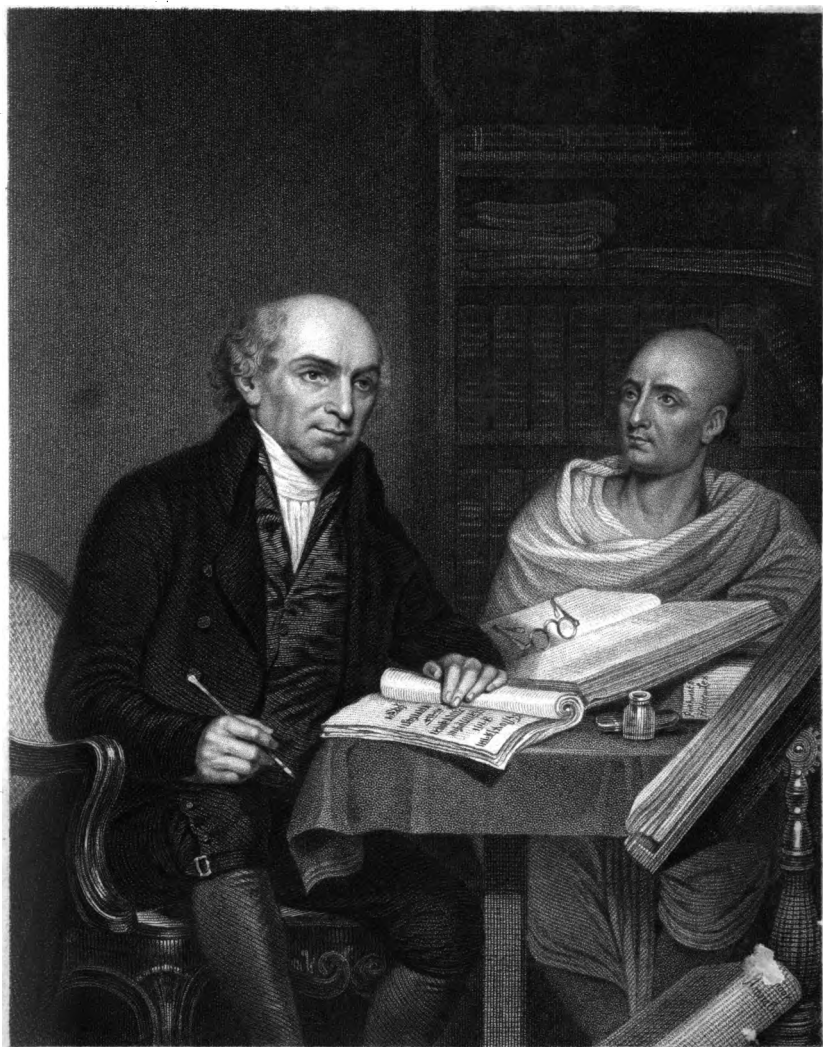
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Painted by Home.

Engraved by J. Jenkins.

W. Carey, L. T.
Rev. his Brahmin Assistant.

THE
UNIVERSITY OF
MICHIGAN

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THE REV. DOCTOR CAREY,

PROFESSOR OF ORIENTAL LANGUAGES IN THE COLLEGE OF FORT WILLIAM,
CALCUTTA, &c. &c.

BY THE REV. JOHN DYER,

SECRETARY OF THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

WILLIAM CAREY was born at the village of Paulerspury, about three miles from Towcester, in Northamptonshire, on the 17th of August, 1761. His father was clerk of the parish, and kept a small free-school in the village, in which he gave his son an ordinary English education.

In the year 1783, he was publicly baptized at Northampton, in the river Nen, by the late Dr. Ryland, which led to his settlement; in 1786, as pastor of the small Baptist church at Moulton, near that town.

To say nothing of natural history, which, from his childhood, had been a favourite pursuit, he found means, amidst all his indigence and obscurity, to attain no small acquaintance with languages, both ancient and modern. The precise extent of his acquirements at this period, it is now difficult, if not impossible, to ascertain, but it appears certain that he was able, before he left this country for India, to read his Bible in at least *seven* languages, including his native tongue.

In the year 1787, Mr. Carey, having been invited to become pastor of the Baptist church at Leicester, removed thither, and entered on his new charge early in the following year. In this more public station, his zeal and unremitted labours endeared

him to men of piety, while his eager pursuit of learning attracted the notice and secured the respect of all who could appreciate true worth and intellectual vigour. Among these, the Rev. Thomas Robinson, for many years the useful and exemplary vicar of St. Mary's in that town, treated him with peculiar kindness, gave him free access to his library, and thus laid the foundations of a friendship, equally honourable to both parties, which subsisted till the death of Mr. Robinson.

Previously to the entrance of Mr. Carey on the duties of a Christian pastor, certain ministers of the denomination to which he belonged had mutually agreed, at the suggestion of the Rev. John Sutcliff, of Olney, to devote an hour, on the evening of the first Monday in every month, to social prayer, for the revival of religion and the success of the gospel. This proposal was adopted at a meeting held at Nottingham in June, 1784, and it was so congenial with the feelings of Mr. Carey, that, not content with holding a meeting at the stated period, he established, among his own friends at Leicester, an additional service of the same character, which, for the convenience of some of their number who resided in the country, was held on the market day. To the great subject of missions, indeed, his mind was drawn with increasing earnestness from day to day, and he conversed on this interesting theme with his brethren in the ministry, till they became imbued with similar views. On a visit to Birmingham, he introduced his favourite topic in the company of one of the friends of the late excellent Samuel Pearce, who urged him to prepare his thoughts for publication, accompanying the request with an offer of ten pounds towards the expense. On his return home, Mr. Carey met at Northampton his friends, Fuller, Sutcliff, and Ryland, to whom he communicated what had passed. He importuned one of them to undertake the publication in his stead; but, as they severally

declined the task, he fulfilled it himself soon after, by sending his "Enquiry" to the press. In April, 1791, sermons bearing on the same subject were delivered by Messrs. Fuller and Sutcliff, at a public meeting held at Clipston. Carey himself was chosen to preach the following year at Nottingham, where he poured forth all the energy of his soul in a discourse from Isaiah liv. 2, from which he enforced on his brethren the duty, first, to *expect* great things; and, secondly, to *attempt* great things. The effect was decisive: after the public service had ended, the ministers and a few other friends met, and resolved that a Society should be formed at their next meeting, for propagating the gospel among the heathen. "Accordingly," says Dr. Ryland, "on October 2, 1792, I witnessed, in a little back parlour at Kettering, the formation of a small Society, which began with a subscription of £13. 2s. 6d., and of which this William Carey was the founder."

When this infant Society resolved to venture on the bold step of sending forth one or two individuals into the heathen world, it was quite natural that they should think of Mr. Carey in the first instance. The obstacles in the way of such an enterprise, were then far greater than now. The individuals thus associated, had but little influence beyond the small provincial circle in which they moved. Not one among them was at all acquainted with the details of business necessarily involved in such an undertaking; and the great disinclination of Mrs. Carey to leave her native land, formed, in his case, a great and peculiar difficulty. But he consulted not with flesh and blood. "Brethren," said he, when, at the close of a day spent in fasting and prayer, the decisive question was proposed, if he were willing to go forth on this untried and hazardous service: "Brethren, if you send me among cannibals, I will go!" Thus, in the spirit of simple faith in the Redeemer, he

commenced ~~that~~ sublime and benevolent career, in which for forty years he was enabled to persevere, so much to the benefit of his fellow-men, and to the glory of God his Saviour.

While the conductors of the new Society were yet undecided as to the sphere to be selected for their operations, they heard of a Mr. Thomas, who had spent some years in Bengal, and who was endeavouring to raise a fund in London for a mission to that part of our colonial empire. This determined their course. Mr. Thomas was chosen as the colleague of Mr. Carey; they were solemnly designated to the missionary enterprise at Leicester, on the 20th of May, 1793; and on the 13th of June following, the two missionaries embarked on board a Danish Indiaman, accompanied by Mr. Carey's whole family, his wife having given her consent, if accompanied by her sister, and the latter also being willing to join the party.

On their arrival at Calcutta, in November 1793, two events occurred, both highly discouraging. They discovered that a native, in whom they expected to meet with a convert to Christianity, had relapsed into idolatry; and a small investment which they had taken with them as a means of their support and establishment was sunk, with the boat which contained it, in the Hooghly. Mr. Carey was thus left, with his wife and children, in a foreign land, far distant from his native country, among people of a strange speech, and suddenly deprived of nearly all means of subsistence. But, even in this extremity, his faith in God did not fail. He proposed to avail himself of his skill in the cultivation of land, for the support of his family; and quitting Calcutta, with his family, in an open boat, on the 6th of February, 1794, he went forth, like Abraham of old, not knowing whither he went. After proceeding on the river a distance of about forty miles, they reached at nightfall Deharta, the residence of the late Charles Short, Esq. By

this gentleman, though an entire stranger, and by no means disposed to favour Mr. Carey's religious views, the whole party were received and entertained for several months with the kindest hospitality; and with him, the sister of Mrs. Carey was not long afterwards united in marriage.

In the year 1799, four additional missionaries were sent out to join him: two of whom died soon after their arrival; of the others, Mr. (now Dr.) Marshman, had been previously engaged in the instruction of youth; and Mr. Ward was a printer, whose aid, it was anticipated, would soon be required in providing the natives with a translation of the Scriptures into their own language, on which Mr. Carey had been diligently employed. But here again, providence appeared to thwart their intended operations. The authorities at Calcutta refused permission to the younger missionaries to proceed up the country and join Mr. Carey at Mudnabatty. Hence he was compelled, at a considerable pecuniary sacrifice, to relinquish the appointment he held there, and remove to the neighbourhood of Calcutta. This led to their residence in the small Danish settlement of Serampore, a place which has since derived its chief importance from its being the seat of this mission. This removal, however undesirable at the time, was evidently conducive to the establishment and future prosperity of their undertaking. Their object was recognized and approved by the Danish governor, Colonel Bie; adequate protection was afforded them; the town and surrounding country were more populous than Mr. Carey's former station; and, above all, far greater facilities were enjoyed for printing the Sacred Scriptures in the native languages.

In 1801, Mr. Carey's success in the study of the vernacular languages of India, recommended him for an honourable and lucrative appointment under government. To provide the

means of instructing the junior servants of the Company in the respective languages, the Marquis Wellesley, then Governor-General, founded a college in Fort William, and the professorship of Bengalee was offered to Mr. Carey. So diffident was he of his qualifications, that it required the persuasions of the provost and vice-provost, seconded by the opinion of his missionary brethren, to overcome his reluctance; and when he accepted the appointment, he begged to be styled "teacher," rather than to be notified under the more dignified appellation of "Professor." His scruples, however, were over-ruled; the Sungskrit and Mahratta chairs were subsequently united with the Bengalee, and for more than thirty years afterwards, even till the dissolution of the college, this eminent Orientalist continued ably and successfully to discharge the duties of that arduous and responsible station.

In 1805, Mr. Carey published his Grammar of the Mahratta Language, and in the same year opened a Mission Chapel in the Lal Bazar in Calcutta; but a few months afterwards, while Sir George Barlow held provisionally charge of the government of India, the Vellore mutiny broke out, supposed to have been occasioned by the apprehensions of the native troops lest the Company should determine to pursue a system of *forcible proselytism*. However absurd it may now appear, to assign such a cause for these formidable disturbances, which were afterwards proved to have arisen from the rash enforcement of certain points of military costume, the Bengal government were induced to issue orders, for a time, to suspend all missionary exertions; and it is probable these orders would have been rigidly enforced, and with more difficulty revoked, but for the personal respect which Mr. Carey had acquired by four years of official conduct in the College.

About this period, Mr. Carey received from one of the

American universities a diploma, constituting him Doctor of Divinity; he was also elected a member of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta. That useful institution, the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India, originated with him; and for several years after its formation in 1820, he was connected with it as Vice-President.

From the year 1815, when the New Charter Act of 1813 came into operation, by which the exertions of the missionaries were legally sanctioned, to the period of his lamented decease, few incidents occurred in the life of Dr. Carey, of a nature requiring notice in this brief memoir. In the distribution and arrangement of his time, he was very regular; and while his missionary engagements formed the great business of his life, his fondness for botany, and other branches of natural history, furnished him with agreeable and salutary recreation. Of those days of the week which he spent at Serampore, the earliest hours were devoted to his garden, which occupied six English acres, and contained almost every specimen of the vegetable kingdom which could be raised in the climate, planted, for the most part, by his own hands. Three days in each week were occupied in Calcutta; in what manner, the following extract from a letter addressed to a friend, and given as an apology for not writing, will shew:—

“ I rose this morning at a quarter before six, read a chapter in the Hebrew Bible, and spent the time till seven in private addresses to God. I then attended family prayer with the servants, in Bengalee. While tea was getting ready, I read a little in Persian with a Moonshi, who was waiting when I left my bed-room; read also, before breakfast, a portion of the Scripture in Hindosthanee. The moment breakfast was over, sat down to the translation of the Ramayuna from Sungskrit, with a pundit, who was also waiting, and continued this transla-

tion till ten o'clock, at which hour I went to College, and attended the duties there till between one and two o'clock. When I returned home, I examined a proof-sheet of the Bengalee translation of Jeremiah, which took till dinner-time. After dinner, translated, with the assistance of the chief pundit of the College,* the greater part of the eighth chapter of Matthew into Sungskrit. This employed me till six o'clock. After six, sat down with a Telinga pundit, (who is translating from the Sungskrit into the language of his country,) to learn that language. At seven I began to collect a few previous thoughts into the form of a sermon, and preached in English at half-past seven. About forty persons present, and among them one of the puisne judges of the Sudder Dewany Adawlut. After sermon I got a subscription from him of five hundred rupees, towards erecting our new place of worship: he is an exceedingly friendly man. Preaching was over, and the congregation gone by nine o'clock. I then sat down, and translated the eleventh chapter of Ezekiel into Bengalee, and this lasted till near eleven; and now I sit down, to write to you. After this, I conclude the evening by reading a chapter in the Greek Testament, commending myself to God. I have never more time in the day than this, though the exercises vary."

By steady perseverance in a course of exertion like this, Dr. Carey was enabled to accomplish a vast amount of philological labour, all more or less subservient to the great design of transferring the inspired oracles into as many of the Oriental tongues as possible. His Mahratta Grammar, already mentioned, was followed by a Sungskrit Grammar, extending to more than a thousand quarto pages, in 1806; a Mahratta Dictionary, 8vo., in 1810; a Punjabee Grammar, 8vo., in 1812; a Telinga Grammar, 8vo., in 1814; besides the Ramayuna, in

* The native whose portrait appears in company with Dr. Carey's in the frontispiece. It is said to be an excellent likeness.

the original text, carefully collated with the most authentic manuscripts, in three volumes, quarto, which appeared between the years 1806 and 1810.

His philological works of a later date are, a Bengalee Dictionary, in three volumes, 4to., 1818, of which a second edition was published in 1825, and another in 8vo., in 1827—1830; a Bhotanta Dictionary, 4to., 1826; also a Grammar of the same language, edited by him and Dr. Marshman. A Dictionary of the Sungskrit, nearly ready for press, was consumed in a fire which destroyed the Serampore printing-office in 1812. It is not known that this work was ever resumed; nor did the Doctor complete a more extensive undertaking than all, which he had not only projected, but for which he had collected materials—this was “*An Universal Dictionary of the Oriental Languages derived from the Sungskrit*,” on the plan of Johnson’s Lexicon, with the synonyms in the different affiliated tongues, with the Hebrew and Greek terms of a correspondent meaning.

Great as were these achievements in the field of Oriental literature, they were entirely subordinate to, and surpassed by, the exertions of Dr. Carey in the province of Biblical translation. The versions of the sacred Scriptures, in the preparation of which he took an active and laborious part, include the Sungskrit, Hindee, Brijbhassa, Mahratta, Bengalee, Ooriya, Telinga, Kurnata, Maldivian, Gujarattee, Buloshee, Pushtoo, Punjabee, or Shikh, Kashmeer, Assam, Burman, Pali, or Magudha, Tamul, Cingalese, Armenian, Malay, Hindosthanee, and Persian. In six of these tongues, the whole Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments have been printed and circulated; the New Testament has appeared in twenty-three languages; besides various dialects, in which smaller portions of the sacred text have been printed. The whole number is stated

at *forty*; and if to these be added the Chinese Bible, translated by Dr. Marshman, we are probably below the truth when we state, that the Serampore press was honoured to be the instrument, in about thirty years, of rendering the word of God accessible to three hundred millions of human beings, or about one-third the population of the world.

For many years the health of Dr. Carey, notwithstanding occasional attacks of fever, was far more vigorous than usual among European residents in India. His habits of early rising, exercise in the open air, and great simplicity in diet, with a flow of natural spirits which gained for him the appellation of "the cheerful old man," doubtless contributed to this, and were the subordinate causes of lengthening a life so valuable to the church and to the world. At length his strength began to decline under the weight of years, and incessant application to his public ministerial duties, till in September, 1833, a stroke of apoplexy prostrated his remaining energies, and led his friends to anticipate his speedy removal. Through the hot season, he was confined to his bed in a state of great helplessness, scarcely able to speak or to receive nourishment, till at length, on Monday, June 9th, 1834, at five in the morning, he yielded up his spirit into the hands of his Redeemer, having nearly completed his seventy-third year. His remains were committed to the grave early in the following morning, and suitable instructions were drawn from the solemn event in a discourse by Mr. Robinson, at the Lal Bazar chapel in Calcutta, on the next Lord's day; and by Mr. Mack, at Union chapel, on June 29th, to a crowded audience.

Dr. Carey was thrice married; a widow and three sons survive him: William, occupying the missionary station at Cutwa; Jabez, who has been employed under the auspices of the Indian government, in establishing schools in the distant

province of Ajimere ; and Jonathan, an attorney of the Supreme Court in Calcutta. He was interred, by his own express desire, by the side of his second wife ; and with that deep humility which so eminently adorned his whole life, he gave particular directions that the following inscription, " and nothing more," should be placed on his tomb-stone :

" William Carey, born August 17th, 1761, died—

" A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall."

Although, probably, this article has already extended beyond its proper limits, we cannot persuade ourselves to close it, without an attempt to recall, and fix on the attention of the reader, some of the principal features by which the character of this great and good man was distinguished.

1. His entrance on the missionary field was eminently an act of *self-denying consecration* to the service of God, in that previously almost untried department of evangelical labour. His own words, as they appear in the " Enquiry," published nearly fifty years ago, embody the convictions on which he acted, and deserve the most attentive consideration of all who sustain, or anticipate, the office of the Gospel ministry.

" A Christian minister is a person who, in a peculiar sense, is *not his own* ; he is the *servant* of God, and, therefore, ought to be wholly devoted to him. By entering on that sacred office, he solemnly undertakes to be always engaged, as much as possible, in the Lord's work, and not to choose his own pleasure, or employment, or pursue the ministry, as a something that is to subserve his own ends, or interests, or as a kind of by-work. He engages to go where God pleases, and to do, or endure, what he sees fit to command, or call him to, in

the exercise of his function. He virtually bids farewell to friends, pleasures, and comforts, and stands in readiness to endure the greatest sufferings in the work of his Lord and Master. It is inconsistent for ministers to please themselves with thoughts of a numerous auditory, cordial friends, a civilized country, legal protection, affluence, splendour, or even a competency. The slights and hatred of men, and even pretended friends, gloomy prisons and tortures, the society of barbarians of uncouth speech, miserable accommodations in wretched wildernesses, hunger and thirst, nakedness, weariness and painfulness, hard work, and but little worldly encouragement, should rather be the objects of their expectation. Thus the apostles acted in the primitive times, and endured hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ: and though we, living in a civilized country, where Christianity is protected by law, are not called to suffer these things while we continue here; yet I question whether all are justified in staying here, while so many are perishing without means of grace in other lands. Sure I am, that it is entirely contrary to the spirit of the Gospel, for its ministers to enter upon it from interested motives, or with great worldly expectations. On the contrary, the commission is a sufficient call to them to venture all, and, like the primitive Christians, go every where preaching the Gospel."

2. Of Dr. Carey it might peculiarly be said, that *he walked by faith*. No sooner had the word of God become the means of renovating his heart, than he began to employ it as the rule and directory of his life, with an energetic simplicity of purpose, seldom equalled, perhaps never surpassed. What he received as true, became at once an element of action, and the parent of cheerful, undoubting expectation and hope. When, in 1786, his friend Fuller, in his well-known treatise, "The Gospel Worthy of all Acceptation," had swept away the miser-

able sophisms which led some good men to question the obligation of sinners to believe what God has testified concerning his Son; Carey remarked, "If it *be* the duty of all men, where the gospel comes, to believe unto salvation, then it is the duty of those who are entrusted with the Gospel, to endeavour to make it known among all nations for the obedience of faith." When he had entered on the field, and felt the actual pressure of discouragements on every side, his faith remained unshaken. "When I left England," he writes, a few months after landing in Bengal, "my hope of the conversion of the heathen was very strong; but among so many obstacles it would utterly die away, unless upheld by God; having nothing to cherish it, but many things to obstruct it for now a year and nineteen days, which is the space since I left my dear charge at Leicester. Since that time, I have had hurrying up and down in a five months' imprisonment with worldly men on board the ship—five months spent in learning the language, my Moonshi not understanding English sufficiently to interpret my preaching—my colleague separated from me—long delays respecting my expected settlement—few opportunities for social worship—no woods to retire to, like Brai-nerd, for fear of tigers: not fewer than twenty men in the department of Dayhatta, where I am, having been carried away by them from the salt works this season—no earthly thing to depend on. Well, I have God, and his word is sure; and though the superstitions of the heathen were a million times more deeply rooted, and the examples of Europeans a million times worse than they are—if I were deserted by all, and persecuted by all, yet my hope, fixed on that sure word, will rise superior to all obstructions, and triumph over all trials: God's cause *will* triumph, and I shall come out of all trials as gold purified in the fire."

3. Some reference has already been made to the *humility* by which Dr. Carey was distinguished, and which, throughout life, afforded the clearest evidence that he had learned of Him who was meek and lowly in heart. So far from assuming any credit for his varied and abundant labours, he was uneasy at hearing them adverted to. "There is nothing remarkable," said he, on one occasion, "in what I have done. Suppose that the western world had been covered with idols—if any man had sat down in the centre of Europe, he might have done the same thing. It has only required patient perseverance." Almost incredible as it may appear, a passage occurs in one of his letters to a confidential friend, in which he complains of *indolence* as his easily besetting sin!

4. The enlightened *humanity* of this excellent man led him to exert himself on all practicable occasions to alleviate the sufferings ever attendant on a state of heathenism. He took an active share in the measures which resulted in the prevention of infanticide, in the prohibition of the voluntary murders formerly perpetrated at Saugur Island, at the mouth of the Hooghley; as well as in that glorious triumph of Christian humanity, the extinction of the infamous rite of Suttee, which annually consigned such numbers of hapless widows to the funeral pile. It would, probably, be difficult to name any project for advancing the welfare of India, with regard to the temporal interests of her teeming population, as well as to their relation to another state, in which Dr. Carey was not interested, either as the author, or as active in its advocacy and support.

5. As the principles by which Dr. Carey was actuated effectually raised him above the love of worldly distinction, and diffused an air of singular plainness and moderation over all the habits of his life, so was he honoured to set before the whole Christian world a memorable example of *disinterestedness* and

generosity. Soon after the commencement of the mission, when placed by providence where he had a prospect of being able to maintain his family by his personal exertions, he wrote to his friends at home, begging that the trifling sum hitherto assigned for his support might be employed in some other direction: and when, in following years, his talents had procured him honour and emolument from the College of Fort William, the whole surplus of his income, after defraying the very moderate expenses of his own establishment, was devoted, sacredly, but without ostentation, to the great and holy cause in which he was engaged.

Thus, throughout life, did this venerable Christian approve himself the servant of God; than whom, probably, few in modern days have more fully exemplified the apostolic description, "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself: for whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's."*

* It is due to the esteemed writer of this notice of Dr. Carey to state, that the plan of the work not allowing sufficient space for the insertion of the memoir as originally furnished, abridgment to some extent has been rendered necessary.—ED.

S T A N Z A S

ON LEARNING THAT

THE DATE-BEARING PALM AND THE VINE

Are found together ONLY in the Holy Land.

SOFT is Italia's fragrant breeze,
 As fanned by cherub wing,
 Graceful around her way-side trees
 The Vine's rich clusters cling.

Bright birds rejoicing come and go,
 Their nectared juice to sip ;
 And welcome still their purple glow
 To fever's quivering lip.

Cloudless is her cerulean sky,
 And light as fairies' feet
 Those of her bounding peasantry,
 Where festal dancers meet.

Alas ! poor land ! what dreams are ours !
 The tyrant's yoke is thine :
 Amid thy vineyard's genial bowers
 Austria's dark fetters twine !

Turn we to India's glowing plains,
Where Ganges' holy tide
A world's wealth on it's breast sustains ;
It's banks an empire's pride.

Gorgeous the temples glittering there,
And rich the Moslem's shrine ;
While fire-flies through the charmed air
Like lamps of genii shine.

Or should our eyes such splendors shun,
Seek we yon emerald glade,
Where murmuring waters softly run
'Neath the tall Palm-trees' shade.

The desert tracked by pilgrim feet,
The toilsome travel o'er—
Their foliage shelters from the heat,
Their cool fruits health restore.

Does peace beneath Hindostan's Palm
Her earthly mansion rear ?
Alas ! not here her heaven-fraught calm :
Her tired wing rests not here !

The Austrian's bond enthrals the frame ;
His chains the limb control :
But powerless these the thought to tame—
Steel cannot bind the soul !

D

“ Blackness of darkness ” is the night,
Which shrouds Hindostan’s sands ;
Where superstition veils the light,
That streams o’er happier lands.

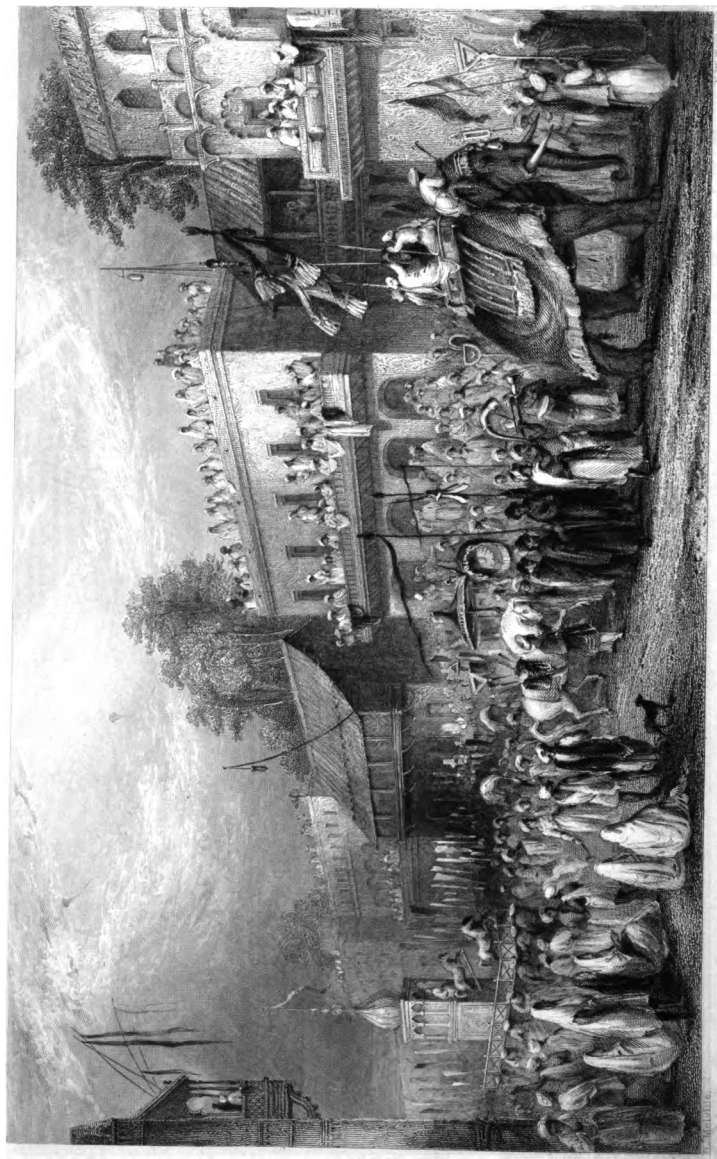
O loveliest Palestine ! to thee
Our sickening spirits turn,
Where blooms Engedi’s date-bowed tree,
Where Eshcol’s clusters burn.

But brighter glories there were found ;
The one true Vine grew there,
And ’mid the loud hosanna’s sound
The Palm-tuft towers in air.

Methinks within the Christian’s soul
Such gifted ground should be :
Earth’s blessings may not claim the whole,
Nor God sole dweller be.

The victor in the Christian strife
His hero Palm should twine,
Fast-neighbour’d on that tree of life—
Heaven’s bright undying Vine.

A. X. Y.



THE PROCESSION OF THE GODS OF THE
HINDU RELIGION, AT THE FESTIVAL OF
THE GODS, AT CALCUTTA, IN 1817.

THE PROCESSION OF THE GODS OF THE HINDU RELIGION, AT THE FESTIVAL OF THE GODS, AT CALCUTTA, IN 1817.

MOHAMMEDANISM IN INDIA.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM CAMPBELL,

MISSIONARY AT BANGALORE.

LIKE every other system of error and imposture, Mohammedanism has been characterised by the pomp of its rites, and the pageantry of its festivals. As though the light and simplicity of truth, the spirituality of religion, and the glory and majesty of heavenly wisdom, were the prerogative of the Christian system alone; this imposture was not only established in blood, and propagated with the sword, but it has been upheld by rites and ceremonies subversive of the interests of holiness, and pandering to the base lusts and propensities of mankind. The accompanying plate is descriptive of the Mohurram, as it is celebrated in India. Houssein and Hoossein were brothers, descendants of the Prophet, and heirs of the caliphate. Unable to withstand the treachery and the usurping ambition of Ayseed, who aspired to the throne of their ancestors, they were destroyed in their attempts to uphold their power, and are regarded as martyrs to the faith. To commemorate their martyrdom, and to celebrate anew their funeral obsequies, this festival is held for ten days in their sacred month Mohurram. During its continuance, every kind of labour is suspended; the devotees of the Koran give themselves up, at one time, to mourning, and, at another, to mirth and festivity; temporary houses are erected in every direction, to celebrate the orgies; crowds of people, dressed in the most fantastic forms, their

bodies besmeared with ashes, accompanied with music, and going through the most ludicrous dances, perambulate the streets, and, to obtain gifts, visit the houses of the rich and the affluent; the adherents of Houssein often quarrel and engage in fierce conflict with the devotees of Hoossein; feats of strength are performed, and fire-works and other exhibitions are got up, to amuse Europeans and other spectators; while scenes of carnage and blood have been known to close these solemnities. It was in the celebration of this and other festivals during 1832, that several attempts were made in the peninsula of India, to upset the government, and to realise an expectation which prevailed among the professors of the Koran, that their power was again to be established. At Bellary, at some of the stations on the western coast, at Bangalore, and at Cud-dapah, riots were raised, and were attended with very serious results. Many Mohammedans who were discharged from the Indian army, and who had nothing to lose but every thing to gain in the struggle, inflamed the minds of the people to rebellion, and carried on a secret and combined system of correspondence with various parts of the country. What with the calamities which were impending over the peninsula; what with the rebellions which his subjects, so oppressed and exasperated, had raised successfully against the Rajah of Mysore; and the changes which kept the people in suspense for a time, as to the nature of the government which was to be established; what with the signs in the heavens above, which not only the astrologers, but the fears and prejudices of the many, interpreted into the most signal and terrible revolutions; the opportunity appeared most favourable to carry on deeds of ambition. In order to arouse the people to resistance, the Christian religion was represented as that of the Galilean; it was covered with scorn and derision; and references were made to the

number of missionaries, to the establishment of schools, and to various operations of a benevolent kind, as testimonies that the English government were determined to employ force in the propagation of their faith. As a certain evidence of their success, the greatest stress was laid upon the vast majority of their numbers, when compared with the scattered tribes of Europeans; and nothing, it was maintained, was wanting but the erection of the crescent, to collect together the bands of the faithful, to animate them with a zeal and a fervour in the struggle proportionate to the necessity, and similar to those of former days, to enable them to drive the whole European community into the sea. Defiance of the Company's power was added to scorn for the Christian religion; and contempt of their weak and timid policy, was joined to the defiance of their power; and they rioted in their threats, and in their increasing means of accomplishing their purpose. At Cud-dapah, the fire of their enthusiasm burst into a flame; their large drum was beat, as the signal of terror and alarm; the Patans joined with the adherents of the mosque in their rebellious enterprise, and, inspired with rage against Christianity, as well as with implacable hatred against the government, their bands—exasperating themselves and their associates to deeds of blood—advanced upon the mission-house, to murder Mr. Howel and his family. As soon as the intelligence of the riot, and of the base designs of the multitude, were known at the magistrate's cutcherry, Mr. Macdonald, the sub-collector, and a gentleman whom all respected for his intelligence and his zeal in the public service, rushed to the spot unarmed, with the hope of using his powers of persuasion to bring them to reason, and of keeping them at bay till the arrival of the troops. But the moment he began to address them, they cut him down, imbrued their hands in his blood, and were triumphing over

him as the first victim of their rage, and as a pledge of their future success, when the very appearance of the troops put their courage to flight, and shewed them to be as vile and cowardly when they had power to meet, as they were base and malevolent when they had nothing but reason and intelligence to fear. A slow and tardy execution of the law delivered seven of the insurgents to the gallows; but a retributive justice will pursue many more of them, as the abettors of this horrid murder.

At Bangalore scenes of riot and rebellion took place, which threatened to terminate in more dreadful consequences than these. At the festival of Ramsan, they all repaired to their Eedgah, which was situate in a field on the north side of the cantonment. Nothing could be more contemptible as a place of worship and of rendezvous, than was this small and dilapidated wall. But it was a shrine of their religion, and ought to have been respected. On their assembling at the spot, what was the object which filled them with horror and surprise? A pig, at any time and in any place a subject of disgust to Mohammedans, had been killed there; its blood had been sprinkled over the place, to pollute it; and its head, stuck upon the wall, was surmounted with a cross! Without any inquiry, and without any consideration, the whole assembly rushed to the Roman Catholic chapel, as it appeared to them all unquestionable that none but the party who adopted the cross as a badge, could be guilty of such an outrage. In an instant the doors and windows were driven in; the altar and its idols were laid level with the ground; the chandeliers were dashed to pieces; the priest escaped only with his life; and the frantic rage of the spoilers threatened very soon to lay the whole fabric in ruins, when the military were called out, drove them into the bazaar, and restored peace and order. While

these things were going on, a Naik, of the Company's service, a Mohammedan, and a disaffected traitor, repaired to the residence of the commandant, to give him the intelligence; and he had only cleared the gate of the premises, when it was ascertained that he was the perpetrator of this deed. After a few months' retreat among the hills in Nugger, a price was set upon his head; he was brought into Bangalore, tried by a court-martial, and shot. But, notwithstanding it was so plain that a Mohammedan was the author of this outrage, and that the views of this part of the community were decidedly hostile to the government; so infatuated were the Madras executive, as to call upon Christian officers to build them a splendid Eedgah, as though they would make it abundantly manifest that they were willing, not only to support idolatry and Mohammedan delusion, but to degrade the religion of the Bible, and dishonour those who believe it and support it, by making them the instruments of erecting this monument of infamy.

Such has been the policy which the Indian government has invariably pursued. To patronize idolatry, and to support any system of superstition, no measures have been too unchristian, none too unreasonable. What has been the honour of the Christian name! what the propagation and extension of the true religion! what the feelings, the principles, the conscience, and the morality, of their European army! what the spiritual and eternal interests of the people themselves! what the blessing or the malediction of the Almighty upon their rule and their possessions! when false principles were to be supported, and a spurious and antiquated system was to be maintained? No. These have been but as the small dust in the balance, when compared with the upholding of systems which are ready to vanish away. To the most superficial observer, it must have appeared evident, that there has,

for many a day, been a struggle between the authorities in India, on the one hand, to cherish the superstitions of the people, and the events of providence on the other, to annihilate and destroy them. Like the tower of Babel, which, while it remained a monument of the folly and the ignorance of its authors, was the means of scattering them through the earth, and accomplishing the purposes of God; what has been the erection of this Eedgah, and the establishment of similar towers, but so many means which a watchful Providence has employed to expose the folly and weakness of men, to convince the rulers of the earth that though they are careful to build up, he will as certainly throw down, and to shew to all that the heavens do rule, and that He will make the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder thereof he will restrain?

It is not theory, it is not speculation, but unquestionable truth. What was the effect which was produced by the system of policy alluded to? The very reverse of that which was anticipated. The Mohammedans grew in their own importance, and became more bold in their enterprise. Instead of considering this act as one of conciliation, they regarded it and treated it as one of fear and cowardice, and drew from it the weight of their influence, the assurance of their power, and the certainty of their success. No longer open and public in their attempts, they resorted to secret intrigues and a fearful conspiracy to accomplish their purpose—a conspiracy which, but for the interposition of a gracious Providence, would have rendered Bangalore an aceldama and a sepulchre. It appeared in evidence, that a Fakeer, who assumed the mask of a button-maker, was the chief in the confederacy; that great numbers of the army, especially the Mussulmen of the infantry, of the cavalry, and the artillery, were seduced from their allegiance; that mercenaries were engaged to enter and take possession of

the fort, the small gate of which was, at the hour appointed, to be under the guard of one of the insurgents; that the horses of the dragoons were to be cut, so as to render them useless in the struggle, the artillery was to be brought to bear and to pour its thunder on the European barracks, and the aid of the Mussulmen servants was not to be wanting in the hour of conflict; that proclamations had been circulated far and wide, denouncing Christianity and a Christian government, calling upon all the faithful to rally around the crescent, and establish their own religion and their own rule; and that the setting of the moon on the night after the discovery of the plot, was to be the signal for massacre and death, and for consigning the whole European community to contempt and oblivion.

This plot once exploded, the policy of conciliation was at an end; a dreadful example of vengeance was made; six men were blown away from guns, two were shot by musketry, and great numbers were banished. Notwithstanding the wish and the attempt of the authorities to exalt it, Mohammedanism was laid prostrate in the dust, and, as though Divine Providence had determined, in this last overthrow, to shew that no resources of its own, and no favours granted by others, could preserve it from destruction; one calamity has come upon it after another, and every attempt to rise has only sunk it in deeper disgrace and degradation. It matters not what may be the support and countenance which the Indian government confers upon this system of importune; it matters not though its purse should be ready for its aggrandisement, and its right hand for its patronage; it matters not though Europeans, both civil and military, should subscribe hundreds and thousands of pounds annually, to assist in the celebration of its festivals; and to advance its prosperity throughout the world; its days are numbered—the hand-writing on the wall is against it—it

has been weighed in the balance, and has been found wanting—the decree has gone forth against it, and cannot be reversed—the waters of the Euphrates must be dried up, that the way of the kings of the East may be prepared; and as sure as the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, the day of its judgment is at hand, and its day of doom is not far distant. The efforts made to uphold Mohammedanism, on the one hand, and the evident symptoms of its decay, on the other, cannot fail to excite our liveliest solitudes for the unhappy victims of its iniquitous delusion; and while our tenderest sympathies are exercised on their behalf, our efforts for their benefit will be marked by greater vigour, and our prayers will ascend with warmer fervour, that the day of their redemption may draw nigh, and that the set time for their deliverance may soon be fully come.

VERSION FROM ST. BASIL'S ORATIONS.

When midnight deep and silence reign,
And stars illumine the azure plain;
When thou behold'st the splendour bright
Of these unnumbered orbs of light,
Then let thy adorations rise,
To Him who formed the earth and skies:
Who fixed their course and their degree,
Whose wisdom made them all for thee.
When day is closed, and night draws near,
Then kneel, and pray with heart sincere;
Kneel, and thy grateful offerings pay
To Him who made both nigh and day;
The day, wherein to serve him best,
The night, to give the joy and rest!

Ravestock.

L. F.

ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY DAUGHTER.

From De Lamartiné *Souvenirs pendant un Voyage en Orient.*

EVEN the first breath I drew was one of grief—
 Tears in my heart usurped life's warmer tide ;
 Ah ! might those tears still yield their soft relief !
 But the just wrath of God their gentle fount hath dried.
 I joy in woe—the iron eats my soul—
 All deathly things claim fellowship with me,
 Bound by black spells, that mock my faint control,
 To every blighting haunt of misery !

Bright meads rejoice in nature's dewy vest,
 The sparkling ocean bursts upon mine eye ;
 A chilling voice whispers, " Not here thy rest,
 " Joy reigneth—hence—ere breathed thy baleful withering sigh.
 " Not here thy home—for no one mourneth here,
 " Here no sad complaints may woo thee to repose :
 " Ne'er were these garlands sullied by a tear—
 " Go, wretch, not here thy country, or thy woes."

Inquirer, wouldst thou know why thus opprest ?
 My words are sunken in the soul's abyss—
 In sighs alone replies my harrowed breast :
 But the heart speaks too well in language such as this.
 That heart is writhing in the grasp of death,
 Each added pulse an agony the more ;
 Chained to a tomb, yet cursed with sentient breath,
 I live to weep the life that smiled before !

Late, when my footsteps trod the holy ground,
Where the Redeemer to the world was given,
I asked not where was raised hosanna's sound,
Or where by greenest palms the hallowed air was riven :
Where He, who spake as never man could speak,
Called smiling infants to his tender breast,
Bade them that surest refuge ever seek,
And with a father's love his darlings blest !

I asked not these. Gethsemane's drear shade,
Where He who died for all, by all was left
To drain his bitter cup with none to aid,
Bereft of Godlike strength, of God himself bereft—
Was where I lingered ; fain to live again
That dreadful hour, which mortals may not know,
My willing worship, ever one of pain,
My willing altar raised to Christ's worst woe.

'Twas 'neath the shadow of Mount Olivet,
O'erhung by Zion's ramparts, that I strayed ;
Where never living sunbeam entered yet,
Where Kedron's blighted stream once freshly, brightly played ;
Where gloomy frowned Jehoshaphat's dark vale,
Where sterile earth outspread no green repose,
Where tombs and ruins bade the mourner wail,
Where scattered trunks amid their clefts uprose.

There severed rocks unveil the dim recess,
Where the mild Jesus drained the dregs of pain ;
Where the weak sleepers shunned their Lord's distress,
And warned three several times, yet laggard slept again.

The shuddering lip seems still that draught to taste,
Still seems that pavement blood-besprinkled o'er :
Where'er we turn on that wild 'widering waste,
Messiah's anguish dyes the scene in gore !

My temples buried in my fevered palm,
I mused what cares had dimmed his sacred brow ;
Till in that memory sorrow's self grew calm,
And his tears formed a course where mine might freely flow.
More meekly then was my sad burthen borne,
Patient I lived again, each grief diverse ;
Slumber from heaven enwrapped my spirit worn—
Slumber—O God ! a dream than waking worse.

To the soft shelter of a mother's love
My child, my poor heart's darling, was consigned ;
On her sweet brow scarce opened graces strove,
But her soul wore the bloom for Paradise designed.
Who that had seen her, but must see her yet !
Sure some soft magic bound the gazer's eye,
And envying parents marked with fond regret
That bright and fragrant blossom wafted by.

She, she alone was rescued from the storm,
Mine only flower ! mine only dream of bliss !
Hallowing our partings by her tear-drops warm,
Brightening our meeting joy, young seraph ! by her kiss.
One sunny gleam to gild my blighted track,
One happy bird to glad my mournful ear,
One breath of Eden luring slumber back,
One fairy footstep at my waking near.

O she was more—her sweet face woke again
My mother's image in this trembling heart ;
She gave me back the glance that soothed all pain,
And all life's buried joys she could again impart.
Her voice ! mirth revelled there—mirth, childhood's own—
Her bounding footstep music shed around ;
Her soft gaze summoned from deep springs unknown
Tears, which *her* smile their only victor found.

Her sweet brow clouded at my lightest care,
Her clear blue eye shone but to mirror mine ;
I wept, and the quick tears were shadowed there,
Even as the glassy fount reflects the o'erhanging pine.
But all her own sweet thoughts in brightness sprung ;
Nor pensive shade might the soft smile obscure,
Save when around her mother's knee she clung,
And breathed a prayer as her own spirit pure.

Again that vision'd slumber brought my child
In playful fondness nestling on my knee :
Her soft brow's pressure from the fever wild,
That raged within mine own, with sweet spell set me free.
Fallen from that brow, each tress of shaded gold
Veil'd mine encircling arm in silken shower ;
Whilst on her parted lips even now unfold
Smiles, which may blossom in no earthly bower.

In the soft innocent glance the spirits light
Smiled dovelike forth, seeking my soul to read :
Gazing on her, that shadowed soul grew bright,
Till fire from heaven should seem it's loving flame to feed.

That quenchless love gave my fond lip no rest,
And with sweet childhood's grace she wooed my kiss;
While, as on cheek or brow that kiss was prest,
She only that withdrew, to lure to this.

Oft would my fluttering heart my God implore
Only to spare those softly radiant eyes
To cheer my path, and Him I would adore,
Whate'er of destined woe around that path should rise.
In her young day for me life bloom'd again,
In her fresh wreath shone all my faded flowers—
Oh, when I may no more her heart retain,
May he be worthy whom her bright love dowers!

Ah—wrapt in extasy of joy and prayer,
I saw no shadow cross that drooping brow;
I felt no chill that warm caress impair,
Which soon, alas! my soul should vainly yearn to know.
Julia, my sweet one, why this blanching cheek;
“Whence this cold dew sprinkling thy temples o'er?”
“Oh smile, my cherish'd love, look on me, speak,
“For I can bear this fearful jest no more!”

But the lips' withering roses told of death:
The young smile faded there, no more to spring!
And struggling went and came that shortened breath,
Like some poor stricken bird, it's dark plumes quivering.
With funeral wail each throb smote on mine ear,
Till ceased the last faint knell, and all was mute—
O God! what dreadful miracle is here?
A living stem uprears a perish'd fruit.

On, on, I rushed in that last ghastly strength,
That lingers still when struck the mortal blow ;
And struggling reached the holy shrine at length,
And on the icy stone my broken flower laid low.
Still, still, my kisses pressed those death-sealed eyes,
And the pale brow with parted life yet warm,
Like some soft nest, whose denizens arise
In search of skies unruffled by a storm.

O in that hour what countless ages past,
What fathomless abyss engulfed my soul !
Dull leaden anguish from my bosom cast
The living heart afar, and all it's beatings stole.
Madly I deem'd the glorious God of heaven
Cruel, to quench the only star that shone—
The only blossom by no tempest riven
From the seared bough it softly bloom'd upon !

The last bright link of all my severed chain !
The last soft azure of my darkened sky !
Her very name was music, but the strain
Is mute for ever now, save in her father's sigh.
Alas ! I lived in her sweet life alone—
Her voice the only sound that charmed mine ear,
The one bright gleam to my dim eye-ball known,
The one spring-morning in my gloomy year !

A mirror where my heart itself might love,
My purer day still lingering on her brow ;
O God ! thine every gift the garland wove, [snow.
Which wreathed those temples fair, and gemmed their dazzling

A gentle bond her mother round me drew,
Soft eyes in which my glance reflected shone,
And sweetly thrilling voice, wherein I knew
My spirit's echo in each varying tone.

Stern justice rends them all—my God, I drain
To it's last dregs the draught of anguish drear :
Let me not quaff it's poisoned juice in vain ;
O welcome, welcome death, if found on Julia's bier !
I yield my treasure to the God who gave,
All is resigned, save one soft sunny tress—
Thou canst not grudge me this, insatiate grave,
This morn it swept my cheek in fond caress !

One stifling sigh, and the dark dream was gone,
Yet scarcely gone—for my distemper'd gaze
Saw gory dew out-issuing from the stone,
Till quick-congealing tears their veil in mercy raise.
As darting eagle swift, I sought my home,
To read in it's wild gloom my certain fate :
Her last fond straining glance beheld me come,
Her last word strove to bless me, but too late !

Now in that home death revels ; nought is there,
But tears slow-rolling from a mother's heart :
My aimless footsteps stray unconscious where ;
I listen—yet what sound can aught save woe impart ?
The vacant air but mocks my outstretch'd arm :
Bright noon—dark midnight—are as one for me !
My sorrow almost steals from prayer it's balm ;
She was my all—O God, thine may she be !

A. X. Y.

THOMAS CLARKSON, ESQ.

THOMAS CLARKSON was born at Wisbech, in Cambridgeshire, on the 28th of March, 1760; his father, the Rev. John Clarkson, a native of Thirsk, in Yorkshire, being, at the time of the birth of the subject of this notice, Master of the Free Grammar School at Wisbech, Afternoon Lecturer in the Church of that town, and Curate of Walsoken, a parish about two miles distant. This estimable clergyman secured very general respect and love by the exemplary fidelity and devotedness with which his various duties were discharged, and in the midst of which he closed his useful life. He ever deemed it an important duty to visit the poor of his flock, especially when they were sick; not only for the purpose of exercising one of the most grateful parts of a Christian pastor's office, viz. relieving their temporal wants; but to administer to them the soothing and welcome consolations of religion. The engagements in the Grammar-school occupied nearly the whole of the day, and left scarcely more than the hours of evening for these visits of mercy. When this devoted clergyman went on this errand to Walsoken, he often did not return until late, occasionally past midnight; but so strong was his sense of duty, that he allowed neither the darkness of the night, the badness of the roads, the intensity of the cold, nor the violence of a tempestuous wintry night in that bleak and comparatively dreary country, to deprive the poor of his presence and sympathy in their seasons of affliction and



yours truly
Thomas Clarkson
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Thomas Clarkson
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trouble. On these occasions he always went on foot, carrying in his hand an antique and ponderous lanthorn, which is still preserved as a relic in his family. A fever, taken in one of these visits, speedily terminated his valuable life; and his remains, amidst general demonstrations of sorrow, were deposited near the altar in the church at Wisbech, where, with those of the mother of our philanthropist, they repose.

The education of Mr. Clarkson was commenced at the Wisbech Grammar-school, which he left with honourable reputation for St. Paul's school, where he also distinguished himself, till he removed to St. John's college, Cambridge.

In 1785 Dr. Peckhard, Vice-Chancellor of the University, deeply impressed with the iniquity of the Slave-trade, announced as a subject for a Latin Dissertation to the Senior Bachelors of Arts: "*Anne liceat Invitos in Servitutum dare?*" "Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?" However benevolent the feelings of the Vice-Chancellor, and however strong and clear the opinions he held on the inhuman traffic, it is probable that he little thought that this discussion would secure for the object so dear to his own heart, efforts and advocacy equally enlightened and efficient, that should be continued, until his country had declared, not that the slave-trade only, but that slavery itself should cease.

Mr. Clarkson having in the preceding year gained the first prize for the Latin Dissertation, was naturally anxious to maintain his honourable position; and no efforts were spared, during the few intervening weeks, in collecting information and evidence. Important facts were gained from Anthony Benezet's Historical Account of Guinea, which Mr. Clarkson hastened to London to purchase. Furnished with these and other valuable information, he commenced his difficult task. How it was accomplished, he thus informs us.

"No person," he states,* "can tell the severe trial which the writing of it proved to me. I had expected pleasure from the invention of the arguments, from the arrangement of them, from the putting of them together, and from the thought in the interim that I was engaged in an innocent contest for literary honour. But all my pleasure was damped by the facts which were now continually before me. It was but one gloomy subject from morning to night. In the day-time I was uneasy; in the night I had little rest. I sometimes never closed my eyelids for grief. It became now not so much a trial for academical reputation, as for the production of a work which might be useful to injured Africa. And keeping this idea in my mind ever after the perusal of Benezet, I always slept with a candle in my room, that I might rise out of bed, and put down such thoughts as might occur to me in the night, if I judged them valuable, conceiving that no arguments of any moment should be lost in so great a cause. Having at length finished this painful task, I sent my Essay to the Vice-Chancellor, and soon afterwards found myself honoured, as before, with the first prize.

"As it is usual to read these essays publicly in the senate-house soon after the prize is adjudged, I was called to Cambridge for this purpose. I went, and performed my office. On returning, however, to London, the subject of it almost wholly engrossed my thoughts. I became at times very seriously affected while upon the road. I stopped my horse occasionally, and dismounted, and walked. I frequently tried to persuade myself in these intervals that the contents of my Essay could not be true. The more, however, I reflected upon them, or rather upon the authorities on which they were founded, the

* History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade.

more I gave them credit. Coming in sight of Wade's Mill, in Hertfordshire, I sat down disconsolate on the turf by the roadside, and held my horse. Here a thought came into my mind, that if the contents of the Essay were true, it was time some persons should see these calamities to their end. Agitated in this manner, I reached home. This was in the summer of 1785.

"In the course of the autumn of the same year I experienced similar impressions. I walked frequently into the woods, that I might think on the subject in solitude, and find relief to my mind there. But there the question still recurred, "Are these things true?" Still the answer followed as instantaneously,— "They are." Still the result accompanied it; "Then, surely some person should interfere." I then began to envy those who had seats in parliament, and who had great riches, and widely extended connexions, which would enable them to take up this cause. Finding scarcely any one at that time who thought of it, I was turned frequently to myself. But here many difficulties arose. It struck me, among others, that a young man of only twenty-four years of age could not have that solid judgment, or knowledge of men, manners, and things, which were requisite to qualify him to undertake a task of such magnitude and importance: and with whom was I to unite? I believed also, that it looked so much like one of the feigned labours of Hercules, that my understanding would be suspected if I proposed it. On ruminating, however, on the subject, I found one thing at least practicable, and that this was also in my power. I could translate my Latin Dissertation. I could enlarge it usefully. I could see how the public received it, or how far they were likely to favour any serious measures, which should have a tendency to produce the abolition of the Slave

Trade. Upon this, then, I determined; and in the middle of the month of November, 1785, I began my work."

Such is the characteristic and ingenuous account given by Clarkson, of his introduction to that work to which the energies of his life were devoted, and in reference to which, and to the account whence the foregoing extract has been made, one of the most benevolent and gifted writers of our country* has justly observed,—

"This interesting tale is related, not by a descendant, but a contemporary; not by a distant spectator, but by a participator of the contest; and of all the many participators, by the man confessedly the most efficient; the man whose unparalleled labours in this work of love and peril, leave on the mind of a reflecting reader the sublime doubt, which of the two will have been the greater final gain to the moral world,—the removal of the evil, or the proof, thereby given, what mighty effects single good men may realize by self-devotion and perseverance."

When Mr. Clarkson went to London to publish his book, he was introduced to many friends of the cause of abolition, who aided in giving it extensive circulation. Whilst thus employed, he received an invitation, which he accepted, to visit the Rev. James Ramsay, vicar of Teston, in Kent, who had resided nineteen years in the island of St. Christopher.

Shortly afterwards, dining one day at Sir Charles Middleton's, (afterwards Lord Barham,) the conversation turned upon the subject, and Mr. Clarkson declared that he was ready to devote himself to the cause. This avowal met with great encouragement from the company, and Sir C. Middleton, then Comptroller to the Navy, offered every possible assistance. The friends of Mr. Clarkson increased, and this encouraged him to

* Coleridge.

proceed. Dr. Porteus, then Bishop of Chester, and Lord Scarsdale, were secured in the House of Lords. Mr. Bennet Langton, and Dr. Baker, who were acquainted with many members of both houses of parliament; the honoured Granville Sharpe, James and Richard Phillips, could be depended upon, as well as the entire body of the Society of Friends, to many of whom he had been introduced by Mr. Joseph Hancock, his fellow-townsmen. Seeking information in every direction, Mr. Clarkson boarded a number of vessels engaged in the African trade, and obtained specimens of the natural productions of the country. The beauty of the cloth made from African cotton, &c. enhanced his estimate of the skill and ingenuity of the people, and gave a fresh stimulus to his exertions on their behalf. He next visited a slave-ship; the rooms below, the gratings above, and the barricade across the deck, with the explanation of their uses, though the sight of them filled him with sadness and horror, gave new energy to all his movements. In his indefatigable endeavours to collect evidence and facts, he visited most of the sea-ports in the kingdom, pursuing his great object with invincible ardour, although some times at the peril of his life. The following circumstance, among others, evinces the eminent degree in which he possessed that untiring perseverance, on which the success of a great enterprise often depends.

Clarkson and his friends had reason to fear that slaves brought from the interior of Africa by certain rivers, had been kidnapped; and it was deemed of great importance to ascertain the fact. A friend one day mentioned to Mr. Clarkson, that he had, above twelve months before, seen a sailor who had been up these rivers. The name of the sailor was unknown, and all the friend could say was, that he was going to, or belonged to,

some man-of-war in ordinary. The evidence of this individual was important, and, aided by his friend Sir Charles Middleton, who gave him permission to board all the ships of war in ordinary, Mr. Clarkson commenced his search:—beginning at Deptford, he visited successively Woolwich, Chatham, Sheerness, and Portsmouth; examining in his progress the different persons on board upwards of two hundred and sixty vessels, without discovering the object of his search. The feelings under which the search was continued, and the success with which it was crowned, he has himself thus described:—

“Matters now began to look rather disheartening,—I mean as far as my grand object was concerned. There was but one other port left, and this was between two and three hundred miles distant. I determined, however, to go to Plymouth. I had already been more successful in this tour, with respect to obtaining general evidence, than in any other of the same length; and the probability was, that as I should continue to move among the same kind of people, my success would be in a similar proportion, according to the number visited. These were great encouragements to me to proceed. At length I arrived at the place of my last hope. On my first day's expedition I boarded forty vessels, but found no one in these who had been on the coast of Africa in the slave-trade. One or two had been there in king's ships; but they had never been on shore. Things were now drawing near to a close; and notwithstanding my success, as to general evidence, in this journey, my heart began to beat. I was restless and uneasy during the night. The next morning I felt agitated again between the alternate pressure of hope and fear; and in this state I entered my boat. The fifty-seventh vessel I boarded was the *Melampus* frigate.—One person belonging to it, on examining him in the captain's

cabin, said he had been two voyages to Africa; and I had not long discoursed with him, before I found, to my inexpressible joy, that he was the man. I found, too, that he unravelled the question in dispute precisely as our inferences had determined it. He had been two expeditions up the river Calabar, in the canoes of the natives. In the first of these they came within a certain distance of a village: they then concealed themselves under the bushes, which hung over the water from the banks. In this position they remained during the day-light; but at night they went up to it armed, and seized all the inhabitants who had not time to make their escape. They obtained forty-five persons in this manner. In the second, they were out eight or nine days, when they made a similar attempt, and with nearly similar success. They seized men, women, and children, as they could find them in the huts. They then bound their arms, and drove them before them to the canoes. The name of the person thus discovered on board the *Melampus* was Isaac Parker. On inquiring into his character, from the master of the division, I found it highly respectable. I found also afterward that he had sailed with Captain Cook, with great credit to himself, round the world. It was also remarkable, that my brother, on seeing him in London, when he went to deliver his evidence, recognized him as having served on board the *Monarch*, man-of-war, and as one of the most exemplary men in that ship."

Mr. Clarkson became, early in his career, acquainted with Mr. Wilberforce. At their first interview, the latter frankly stated, "that the subject had often employed his thoughts, and was near his heart," and learning his visitor's intention to devote himself to this benevolent object, congratulated him on his decision; desired to be made acquainted with

his progress, expressing his willingness, in return, to afford every assistance in his power. In his intercourse with members of parliament, Mr. Clarkson was now frequently associated with Mr. Wilberforce, who daily became more interested in the fate of Africa. The intercourse of the two philanthropists was mutually cordial and encouraging; Mr. Clarkson imparting his discoveries in the custom-houses of London, Liverpool, and other places; and Mr. Wilberforce communicating the information he had gained from those with whom he associated.

In 1788, Mr. Clarkson published his important work on the Impolicy of the Slave Trade.

In 1789, this indefatigable man went to France, by the advice of the Committee which he had been instrumental in forming two years before; Mr. Wilberforce, always solicitous for the good of the oppressed Africans, being of opinion that advantage might be taken of the commotions in that country, to induce the leading persons there to take the slave-trade into their consideration, and incorporate it among the abuses to be removed. Several of Mr. Clarkson's friends advised him to travel by another name, as accounts had arrived in England of the excesses which had taken place in Paris; but to this he could not consent. On his arrival in that city he was speedily introduced to those who were favourable to the great object of his life; and at the house of M. Necker dined with the six deputies of colour from St. Domingo,—who had been sent to France at this juncture, to demand that the free people of colour in their country might be placed upon an equality with the whites: their communications to the English philanthropist were important and interesting; they hailed him as their friend, and were abundant in their commendations of his conduct.

Copies of the Essay on the Impolicy of the Slave-trade, translated into French, with engravings of the plan and section of a slave-ship, were distributed with apparent good effect. The virtuous Abbé Gregoire, and several members of the National Assembly, called upon Mr. Clarkson. The Archbishop of Aix was so struck with horror when the plan of the slave-ship was shewn to him, that he could scarcely speak; and Mirabeau ordered a model of it in wood to be placed in his dining-room.

The circulation of intelligence, although contributing to make many friends, called forth the extraordinary exertions of enemies. Merchants, and others interested in the continuance of the slave-trade, wrote letters to the Archbishop of Aix, beseeching him not to ruin France; which they said he would inevitably do, if, as the president, he were to grant a day for hearing the question of the abolition. Offers of money were made to Mirabeau, if he would totally abandon his intended motion. Books were circulated in opposition to Mr. Clarkson's; resort was had to the public papers, and he was denounced as a spy. The clamour raised by these efforts pervaded all Paris, and reached the ears of the king. M. Necker had a long conversation with his royal master upon it, who requested to see the Essay, and the specimens of African manufactures, and bestowed considerable time upon them, being surprised at the state of the arts there. M. Necker did not exhibit the section of the slave-ship, thinking that as the king was indisposed, he might be too much affected by it. Louis returned the specimens, commissioning M. Necker to convey his thanks to Mr. Clarkson, and express his gratification at what he had seen.

No decided benefit appears at this time to have followed the visit: but though much depressed by his ill success in France, Mr. Clarkson continued his labours, till excess of exertion,

joined to repeated and bitter disappointments, impaired his health, and, after a hard struggle, subdued a constitution, naturally strong and vigorous beyond the lot of men in general, but shattered by anxiety and fatigue, and the sad probability, often forced upon his understanding, that all might at last have been in vain. Under these feelings, he retired in 1794 to the beautiful banks of Ulleswater; there to seek that rest which, without peril to his life, could no longer be delayed.

For seven years he had maintained a correspondence with four hundred persons; he annually wrote a book upon the subject of the abolition, and travelled more than thirty-five thousand miles in search of evidence, making a great part of these journeys in the night. "All this time," Mr. Clarkson writes, "my mind had been on the stretch, it had been bent too to this one subject; for I had not even leisure to attend to my own concerns. The various instances of barbarity, which had come successively to my knowledge within this period, had vexed, harassed, and afflicted it. The wound which these had produced was rendered still deeper by the reiterated refusal of persons to give their testimony, after I had travelled hundreds of miles in quest of them. But the severest stroke was that inflicted by the persecution begun and pursued by persons interested in the continuance of the trade, of such witnesses as had been examined against them; and whom, on account of their dependent situation in life, it was most easy to oppress. As I had been the means of bringing them forward on these occasions, they naturally came to me, as the author of their miseries and their ruin."* These different circum-

* The father of the late Samuel Whitbread, Esq. generously undertook, in order to make Mr. Clarkson's mind easy upon the subject, "to make good all injuries which any individuals might suffer from such persecution; and he honourably and nobly fulfilled his engagement."

“stances, by acting together, had at length brought me into the situation just mentioned; and I was, therefore, obliged, though very reluctantly, to be borne out of the field where I had placed the great honour and glory of my life.”

It was while thus recruiting the energies exhausted in the conflict, that Clarkson, and the compatriot band with which he had been associated in the long and arduous struggle, were crowned with victory, and received the grateful reward of their honourable toil in the final abolition of the slave-trade by the British nation, in 1807, the last but most glorious act of the Grenville administration.

Besides the translation of his prize Essay, and his Essay on the Impolicy of the Slave-trade, Mr. Clarkson published, on the same subject, in 1789, an Essay on the Comparative Efficiency of Regulation or Abolition, as applied to the Slave-trade; and in 1791, an Abstract of the Evidence delivered before a Select Committee of the House of Commons in the Years 1790 and 1791; and more recently, a book entitled, Thoughts on the Abolition of Slavery. The literary labours of this indefatigable man were not confined to this subject, all-absorbing as it was. In 1807 he published his Portraiture of Quakerism, a work which originated in the desire he felt to make the doctrines and practice of the Society better known to his countrymen; also, the Life of William Penn, written in 1813, with the view of shewing the application of the peaceable principles of that Society to the science of legislation.

By the publication of his Thoughts on the Abolition of Slavery, Mr. Clarkson shewed that neither he, nor those who acted with him, considered their work accomplished, when the laws of his country classed with its felons those engaged in the nefarious traffic in slaves: but the efforts of Mr. Clarkson were not confined to the labours of his pen; in 1818 he proceeded

to Aix la Chapelle at the time when the sovereigns of Europe met in congress. He was received with marked attention by the Emperor of Russia, who listened to his statements, and promised to use his influence with the assembled monarchs, to secure the entire suppression of the trade in human beings as speedily as possible. Describing his interview with this amiable monarch, in which the subject of peace-societies, as well as the abolition of the slave-trade, was discussed, Mr. Clarkson, in a letter to a friend, thus writes :—

“ It was about nine at night when I was shewn into the Emperor’s apartment. I found him alone. He met me at the door, and, shaking me by the hand, said, ‘ I had the pleasure of making your acquaintance at Paris.’ He then led me some little way into the room, and, leaving me there, went forward, and, brought me a chair with his own hand, and desired me to sit down. This being done, he went for another chair, and, bringing it very near to mine, placed himself close to me, so that we sat opposite to each other.

“ I began the conversation by informing the Emperor that, as I supposed the congress at Aix la Chapelle might possibly be the last congress of sovereigns for settling the affairs of Europe, its connections and dependencies, I had availed myself of the kind permission he gave me at Paris, of applying to him in behalf of the oppressed Africans, being unwilling to lose the last opportunity of rendering him serviceable to that cause.

“ The Emperor replied, that he had read both my letter and my address to the sovereigns ; and that what I had asked him and the other sovereigns to do, was only reasonable.

“ Here I repeated the two grand propositions in the address—the necessity of bringing the Portuguese time for continuing the trade, (which did not expire till 1825, and then *only with a condition*,) down to the Spanish time, which expired in 1820 ;

and, 2ndly, when the two times should have legally expired, that is, both of them in 1820, then to make any further continuance of the trade *piracy*. I entreated him not to be deceived by any other propositions; for, that Mr. Wilberforce, myself, and others, who had devoted our time to this subject, were sure that no other measures would be effectual.

“ He then said very feelingly in these words, ‘ By the providence of God, I and my kingdom have been saved from a merciless tyranny; and I should but ill repay the blessing, if I were not to do every thing in my power to protect the poor Africans against their oppression also.’

“ The Emperor then asked, if he could do any thing else for our cause. I told him he could; and that I should be greatly obliged to him, if he would present one of the addresses to the Emperor of Austria, and another to the King of Prussia, with his *own hands*. I had brought two of them in my pocket for this purpose: he asked me why I had not presented them before. I replied, that I had not the honour of knowing either of those sovereigns as I knew him; nor any of their ministers; and that I was not only fearful lest these addresses would not be presented to them, but even if they were, that, coming into their hands without any recommendation, they would be laid aside, and not read: on the other hand, if he (the Emperor) would condescend to present them, I was sure that they would be read, and that, coming from him, they would come with a weight of influence which would secure an attention to their contents. Upon this, the Emperor promised, in the most kind and affable manner, that he would perform the task I had assigned him.

“ We then rose up from our seats, to inspect some articles of African manufacture, which I had brought with me as a present to him, and which had been laid upon the table. We exa-

mined the articles in leather first, one by one, with which he was uncommonly gratified. He said they exhibited not only genius, but taste; he inquired if they tanned their own leather, and how: I replied to his question. He said he had never seen neater work, either in Petersburg or in London. We then looked at a dagger and its scabbard, or sheath. I said the sheath was intended as a further, but more beautiful specimen, of the work of the poor Africans in leather; and the blade of the dagger, as a specimen of their work in iron. He examined it very minutely, and asked if the point of the blade was poisoned. I told him, no. He said immediately, 'My poor Tartars do such things.' Their works in cotton-cloth came under our notice next. There was one piece which attracted his particular notice, and which was undoubtedly very beautiful. It called from him this observation,—'Manchester,' says he, 'I think, is your great place for manufactures of this sort,—do you think they can make a better piece of cotton there?' I told him I thought I had never seen a better piece of workmanship of the kind anywhere. Having gone over all the articles, the Emperor desired me to inform him, whether he was to understand that these articles were made by the *Africans in their own country*; that is, in their own native villages, or *after they had arrived in America*, where they would have an opportunity of seeing European manufactures, and experienced workmen in the arts? I replied, that such articles might be found in every African village, both on the coast and in the interior, and that they were samples of their own ingenuity without any connexion with Europeans. Then said the Emperor, 'You astonish me,—you have given me a new idea of the state of these poor people. I was not aware that they were so advanced in society. The works you have shewn me are not the works of brutes—but of men endued with rational and intellectual powers, and

capable of being brought to as high a degree of proficiency as any other men. Africa ought to be allowed to have a fair chance of raising her character in the scale of the civilized world.' I replied, that it was this cruel traffic alone which had prevented Africa from rising to a level with other nations; and that it was only astonishing to me that the natives there had, under its impeding influence, arrived at the perfection which had displayed itself in the specimens of workmanship which he had just seen.

"The Emperor having said thus much on this subject, told me that he had been highly gratified, and that he would return me the articles next day. I begged his acceptance of them,—having brought them with me from England for that purpose. He seemed to hesitate, but I assured him that I could not take them back. I added, moreover, what a pleasure it would be to me, to think that he had in his possession what would always keep him in mind of the poor Africans. He asked me if I had duplicates of them? I said I had not, perhaps, exact duplicates of them,—but I had others like them, which I considered to be the same thing: and I should not regret even that he possessed all I had; for they would be much more useful in his keeping than in mine. He then accepted them, saying, 'I am much obliged to you.'"

Animated by a growing conviction of the righteousness of the cause in which he was engaged, and encouraged by the success with which past endeavours had been crowned, Mr. Clarkson continued his efficient co-operation with the friends of abolition, advocating its claims on every suitable occasion. The last time he appeared in public with his beloved and honoured friend, Mr. Wilberforce, was at a Meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society in Freemason's Hall, held on the 15th of May, 1830. Mr. Clarkson, on this occasion, in requesting that

his distinguished coadjutor would preside, thus addressed the Meeting—

“Ladies and Gentlemen,—I rise to make a proposition, which I am sure will be agreeable to you all;—it is, that my old friend and fellow-labourer, Mr. Wilberforce, be called to the chair. I may say that this chair is his natural and proper right in this assembly. He is entitled to it as the great leader in our cause—as one who has always been foremost in its support. I hope he may live to fill it again and again, should a protracted continuance of our exertions be necessary; and that under his auspices we may carry it to a speedy and happy issue.”

To this request, Mr. Wilberforce, having taken the chair amidst many expressions of joyous satisfaction from the friends assembled, thus replied,—

“Ladies and Gentlemen,—I shall only remark upon what you have just decided, that I could have been called to this chair by no person more dear to me than my valued friend and fellow-labourer, Mr. Clarkson; for I wish to be known by no other name, in this great cause. And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I have great satisfaction in thinking, that it is not necessary for me to detain you long, in stating the object for which we are this day assembled. You are all aware of its great importance; and if any apology or explanation is due, it should be to account for your not being called together sooner. The purpose for which we are met is great, it is urgent; and when I see those by whom I am surrounded, when I again meet my esteemed friend Mr. Clarkson in this cause, I cannot but look back to those happy days when we began our labours together, or rather when we worked together, (for he began before me,) and we made the first step towards that great object, the completion of which is the purpose of our assembling this day.”

It would be superfluous to recount the steps by which, three years afterwards, even before the venerated Wilberforce was called to his rest, this glorious event was realized, and Clarkson beheld the great object of his own life, and those with whom he had acted, triumphantly achieved. The gratitude cherished towards the Supreme Ruler for the boon thus secured for the oppressed—the satisfaction which a review of past exertions afforded—were heightened by the joyous sympathy of a large portion of his countrymen, and especially his townsmen, the inhabitants of Wisbech.

Desirous, among other means, to commemorate this event by a memorial of one whom they had such good reason to regard with affection and honour, they solicited Mr. Clarkson to sit for his portrait. To this he kindly consented, and an excellent likeness was taken by Mr. Lane; with an engraving of which, by the kindness of the proprietors, the present volume of the *Christian Keepsake* is enriched. The correspondence on this occasion will form the most appropriate conclusion to this notice of one whose name posterity will embalm in grateful recollection, as the faithful and indefatigable advocate of the principles of liberty, humanity, and justice.

The letter of Colonel Watson on behalf of the Corporation of Wisbech, which was signed by a large number of the most respectable inhabitants of the town, was addressed to Mr. Clarkson, at Playford Hall, in Suffolk, where the venerable philanthropist still resides. It is as follows:—

“ Wisbech, Dec. 10, 1833.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Your name is so closely associated with the accomplishment of an object which, for a series of years past, has called forth the exertions of every class of Britons, and of Christians, that I feel less reluctant than I otherwise should have done, in thus trespassing on your private feel-

ings, for giving expression to the cordial wishes and sentiments of a number of inhabitants of your native town.

“ They have viewed with high satisfaction your persevering efforts, which, with the zeal of other friends, and the blessing of God, have been the means of putting an end to Slavery throughout the British dominions. Your vigilance and activity never relaxed, for we are aware that you have visited almost every county in England, and that you actually travelled near four thousand miles within the space of eight months in one year, in furtherance of the object so near your heart. The capital burgesses of Wisbech, therefore, in their corporate capacity, and the inhabitants of the town, are desirous of testifying their approbation of your persevering conduct in the sacred cause of justice and humanity.

“ With these sentiments, they feel anxiously solicitous that some memorial should be preserved of such a benefactor to his country; and that you, Sir, will oblige your friends, in this your native town, by sitting to some eminent painter for your portrait, to be preserved in the town—as a token of the esteem entertained for your energy in this cause of humanity, and to afford to future times a pleasing remembrance of your exertions.

“ A Committee has been appointed by the Corporation, and Inhabitants, by whom I am honoured in being named their Chairman, and by whose direction I now communicate to you their unanimous and anxious wishes that some memorial should be preserved of one whose incessant labours have, at length, led to the happy result which was his constant aim,—the final Abolition of Colonial Slavery.

“ In the correspondence I had the pleasure of having with you in the year 1824—relative to Petitions to the Hon. Houses of Parliament—you expressed a satisfaction in recollecting several of your old Wisbech friends, though at the distance of thirty years. Some have since slept the sleep of death. But I trust the enumeration of a few others who, as admirers of your perseverance, are desirous of such a testimonial as above referred to, will not be unacceptable; which has induced me to enclose a list of their names, as transcribed on the other side.

“ I sincerely hope you continue to enjoy good health, and have the honour to remain,

“ Dear Sir,

“ Your sincere and obedient servant,

“ WM. WATSON.”

The following is extracted from the reply of Mr. Clarkson to the above communication:—

“DEAR SIR,

“I received your letter, and beg the favour of you, to return my most cordial thanks to the Members of the Corporation, and to the other Gentlemen, inhabitants of my native town, for the kind feelings, and the regard and respect which they have manifested towards me, through you, and to assure them that I set a particularly high value upon these manifestations, when I consider, first, from whom they come; and then, that they come from an approbation of my past conduct. That I was the first to take up, or the one who originated, the Abolition of the Slave Trade, from whence followed the Abolition of Colonial Slavery, is indeed true; but I take no merit to myself on this account, being assured that those feelings which pointed out to me the path I was to pursue, must have sprung from a holy source;—and that I laboured afterwards for forty-eight years, (two years within half a century,) in this noble cause, is equally true;—but you must be sensible that no individual could, by himself, have completed so vast a work. What could I, myself, have done, without Mr. Wilberforce, as a parliamentary leader? and what could he, or I, have done, without that most indefatigable and ever-to-be honoured Committee, which was instituted in London, in June, 1787? and what could this, and other laborious committees have done, if they had not been backed by the British people? and what would the British people have done, if they had not been lovers of liberty, and Christians? The victory is, in fact, if we wish to know who gained it—the triumph of Christianity over Barbarism!”

THE OUTCAST.

BY SARAH STICKNEY.

Who is the alien from his father's home ?
 Who is the exile from his native shore ?
 Who the lone wanderer, self-condemned to roam,
 And find the haven of his rest no more ?

Is it the outcast from parental love ?
 The traitor banished by his country's doom ?
 The child of penury, whose footsteps rove
 O'er weary paths, to find a nameless tomb ?

No ; for the outcast has a Friend on high,
 And mercy shields him with her angel wings ;
 The banished exile may return, and die
 A pardoned suppliant to the King of kings.

The child of penury ne'er walks alone,
 Nor unregarded, save by mortal ken ;
 His steps are numbered, and his path is known,
 Where heavenly guardians watch the ways of men.

It is the exile from the promised land,
 The alien heedless of his Father's call,
 The wanderer who returns not, that demand
 Tears of the deepest sympathy from all.

He, in his long, long travel, knows no rest ;
 No welcome woos him, and no smiles repay ;
 Self-exiled from the regions of the blest,
 Alone he treads his dark and thorny way.



SKETCHED FROM MEMORY BY CAPT. BRIDGLAN.

DISCUTTED BYOBY NAYING ARE CLONED AND STAY OF

THE MOUNTAINS OF ABOO, IN GUZERAT.

MAJOR TODD, in his comments on a Sanscript inscription,* says, that "the Olympus of India, the celebrated Aboo, is the source of the tribe of Chaham Rajpoots. There are no temples in India which can, for a moment, compete with these, whether in costliness of materials, or in beauty of design.

"The height of Aboo may be judged by the variation of temperature. In thirty-six hours I passed from that of 108° in the plains of Marwar, to 60° on the summit of Aboo, under a vertical sun. The barometer indicated a height of near five thousand feet above the sea."

Describing the same scene, Captain Grindlay adds, "Secured from intrusion by the difficulty of the mountain passes, and the untamed ferocity of their inhabitants, the region became a safe and almost inaccessible retreat to the votaries of the Hindoo religion, during the earlier ages of their persecution under their Mahometan conquerors. While the richly sculptured temples on the plains were destroyed, and used as materials for the foundations of Mahometan mosques and cities, most of these mountain shrines have escaped the desolating hand of bigotry, and display only the slow influence of time and a benign climate, which has rather increased than impaired their beauty."

ABOO.

AN Indian paradise ! a gorgeous land !
 Where giant mountains as thy guardians stand,
 Lifting their sunlit heads to yonder sky,
 Where fairy clouds in softest beauty lie.
 Land of delight ! than which the rolling sun
 A fairer, lovelier scene ne'er shines upon ;
 Ne'er flings his beams to welcome brighter flowers,
 Than scent with fragrance all thy summer bowers.

* Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society, vol. 1. part i. p. 138.

Bright skies above with richer colours glow,
And hang in splendour o'er thy vales below ;
Bright scenes below in richest prospects rise,
Lit up with radiance from those smiling skies.
The clouds are circling round the mountain's breast,
In every rainbow-hue of beauty drest ;
Wafted by winds that love thy sweets to share,
And richest perfumes from thy flowers to bear.
The mountain torrent, from its prisoned source,
Pursues with eager haste its eddying course ;
Leaps from the rock mid showers of glittering spray.
Then bounds exulting on its winding way.
In sacred calm the lake's blue waters sleep,
While o'er its breast the softest murmurs creep ;
And tropic birds at noon-tide love to lave
Their glittering plumage in the shining wave :
But where the rifted rocks its course oppose,
With sullen sound the broken water flows ;
Rolls to the vales, a deep, impetuous tide,
Where flowers, that welcome, sooth its angry pride ;
Then softly glides with mild and mellow song,
The mossy banks and cane-crown'd plains along.
The bending trees, in richest foliage drest,
Beneath whose boughs the weary hunters rest,
Fling their lone shadows o'er the lucid stream,
Whose depths are lighted with the mid-day beam.
And where the forests rise to meet the sky,
There Bramah's temples lift their heads on high ;
Whose sculptured walls, and high o'er-arching domes,
Glitter with gems amid surrounding glooms ;
Before whose shrines, where lamps soft radiance shed,
The trembling Indian bows with solemn dread.

But Time his hoary mantle o'er them flings,
And shakes across those fanes his deadly wings ;
Yet beauteous in their waning pride they stand,
The boast and glory of that lovely land.

When Mecca's prophet, in his iron car,
Thro' Asia's plains rode forth with pomp of war ;
Thou, smiling land, the tyrant's force didst ward,
The hills thy bulwark, and the rocks thy guard.
But One shall come thy homage to demand,
And claim a grateful offering at thy hand ;
He who thy rampart-hills upraised on high,
And flung his starry mantle o'er the sky ;
Caused thy rich gushing streams to murmur near,
And bade thy vales in beauteous bloom appear.
He yet shall come to call thy sons his own,
And fix in every heart his sacred throne.
Not wasting war, nor weapons man hath wrought,
Shall force the hallowed fane of holy thought ;
But words that charm the deep, imprisoned soul,
Wake the rapt mind, and new-create the whole.
Not Bramah then their grateful gifts shall claim,
The willing servants of a holier name ;
That holier name thy echoing vales shall hear,
That holier name thy fragrant winds shall bear ;
And heard, the moss-grown shrines and woods among,
Shall rise the melody of sacred song.
A brighter paradise then thou shalt bloom,
A land of glory ! girt no more with gloom.

THOMAS AVELING.

MRS. HEMANS.

THIS amiable and highly gifted woman, whose name will be held in grateful admiration so long as refined and elevated genius retains its just place in our estimation, was born in Liverpool, on the 25th of Sept. 1793. Her father, we are informed, was a merchant of some eminence, who, having become involved, retired, with his family, into Wales. Her mother, stated to have been of Italian descent, is described as an accomplished and excellent woman, whose judicious and affectionate endeavours were assiduously employed for the moral and intellectual benefit of her children. To the example and early instruction of such a mother, it is but just to suppose, that Mrs. Hemans owed much of that devotional tendency of mind, which gave to her poetical effusions their highest charm; and, throughout her after life, diffused a holy calm over feelings otherwise too easily excited.

How beautiful and touching is the testimony of the poetess herself, not only to the character of her mother, but to her own early impressions,—derived from the book of life.

"TO A FAMILY BIBLE."

"What household thoughts around thee, as their shrine,
 Cling reverently! Of anxious looks beguiled,
 My mother's eye upon thy page divine
 Each day were bent; her accents, gravely mild,
 Breathed out thy love; whilst I, a dreaming child,
 Wandered on breeze-like fancies oft away
 To some lone tuft of breathing spring-flowers wild,
 Some fresh-discovered nook for woodland play,—
 Some secret nest. Yet would the solemn word,
 At times with kindlings of young wonder heard,
 Fall on my wakened spirit, there to be
 A seed not lost; for which, in darker years,
 O Book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,
 Heart's blessings on the holy dead, and thee."

From this lovely picture of cherished infancy, we turn to the contemplation of the young genius launching forth on her adventurous career, with a lively imagination untutored by experience, with ardent affections, with fresh-born talents kindling into life, and combining against the domestic peace of woman by their power to excite, to bewilder, and to lead astray.

We learn that a "Book of Poems, with Designs by the Author," was the first literary production which appeared in print, from the pen of Felicia Dorothea Browne, afterwards Mrs. Hemans; and written, as it was, at the early age of thirteen, we cannot wonder that the critics of the day should have treated so juvenile an effort with little consideration or respect. In the course of four succeeding years, however, this volume was followed by two others, which, as they bore strong evidence of powers gradually but steadily expanding, were received with increased favour by the admirers of poetry. Letters, and flattering notices from individuals justly distinguished in the literary world, now poured in upon the young aspirant; and such was the praise and homage offered to her, that her most judicious friends must have trembled for the consequences to her inexperienced mind. Nor was it to her genius alone that Mrs. Hemans owed the meed of admiration thus liberally awarded. Beautiful and romantic, sanguine and unsophisticated, she became the idol of society, and charmed the applauding circle no less by her personal attractions, than by her accomplishments and her intellectual powers. Thus circumstanced, and surrounded, as she must have been, by temptations the most seductive to the human mind, we can only wonder and admire, that Mrs. Hemans, with all her versatility of talent and susceptibility of feeling, should have retained those heavenward aspirations of soul which perpetually burst forth in the language of her muse, reminding us of the

sweet warblings of a prisoned bird, who sings in its loneliness and captivity, of a region of happiness, of light, and freedom.

It was at this stage of her existence, that a shadow seems to have fallen upon the path of the being who appeared so peculiarly formed to walk in sunshine. Unacquainted, as we are, with the real circumstances of the case, it would be equally unjust to the character of the living, and the memory of the dead, to offer any surmise on the subject of Mrs. Hemans' matrimonial connection. The simple fact of her separation from her husband, Captain Hemans, of the Fourth Regiment, affords sufficient ground for melancholy reflection, at the same time that it renders perfectly intelligible to the reader, those touches of sadness, those shadows of deep and early disappointment, those yearnings of the heart for some lost or some imaginary home, which, from the very sympathy they at the same time excite and impart, render her poetry so congenial to the feelings of the sensitive and the sorrowful. It is remarked of Mrs. Hemans, that of this affliction she never complained, but devoted herself to the maintenance of her five sons with an assiduity that reflected the highest lustre on her character. If, however, the fountain of her sorrow was in one sense sealed, it found a natural outlet through the medium of verse, for never were the chords of human feeling touched by a hand more skilful in the native melody of grief, than by that of this gifted and high-souled woman. Compelled, as she was, by stern necessity, to meet the taste of the times, and to write with such industrious application, that the language of poetry had, by her own confession, become as familiar to her as prose—too familiar, we may fairly suppose, to bear always the high impress her genius in its happiest moments was calculated to give—it ought to be remembered, to the honour of her sex, and the lasting glory of her own fair fame, that, while conducted by her

vivid imagination through an immense variety of subjects and events, both personal and historical, she never lent her pen to an ignoble cause, but pursued her literary career with an undeviating regard to the interests of virtue and religion.

It would be an effort as fruitless as uncalled for, to attempt, in this necessarily brief notice, to give any particular description of Mrs. Hemans' literary productions. Their character, distinguished as it is for purity, tenderness, and elevation of thought, is already before the world, not only claiming the tribute of applause from those who tread the highest walks of literature, but, both in England and America, constituting an important part of the fireside enjoyment of all who love to find the secret sources of human happiness and misery delineated with genuine feeling, harmony, and truth.

The death of her mother, in 1827, and the subsequent marriage of her sister, added to the necessity of obtaining additional facilities for the education of her boys, induced Mrs. Hemans to leave St. Asaph's, and fix her residence at Wavertree, near Liverpool. From this place she visited Scotland; and the pleasure she derived from its varied scenery, with the opportunity thus afforded her of cultivating a personal intimacy with Sir Walter Scott, Lord Jeffrey, Wordsworth, and other celebrated characters, is described in her letters with the most lively interest. From the neighbourhood of Liverpool Mrs. Hemans afterwards removed to Dublin, and from thence to Redesdale, about seven miles distant from that city. We are informed that this change was made in the hope of escaping from the continual succession of visitors to which she was liable at Wavertree, and of enjoying the retirement which her declining health rendered increasingly desirable. Both her letters, and her poetical productions, written at this time, bear striking evidence of a spirit wounded, and weary with the war-

fare of the world, but strong in that religious faith, by which, through seasons of sorrow and vicissitude, it had been unfailingly supported. The following lines will be read with lively satisfaction by those who have regretted that the muse of Mrs. Hemans was not exclusively devoted to religious themes.

“ON READING COLERIDGE’S EPITAPH WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.”

“ Spirit ! so oft in radiant freedom soaring
 High through seraphic mysteries unconfined,
 And oft, a diver through the deep of mind,
 Its caverns, far below its waves, exploring ;
 And oft such strains of breezy music pouring,
 As with the floating sweetness of their sighs,
 Could still all fevers of the heart, restoring
 Awhile that freshness left in Paradise.
 Say of those glorious wanderings, what the goal ?
 What the rich fruitage to man’s kindred soul,
 From wealth of thine bequeathed ? O strong, and high,
 And sceptred intellect ! thy goal confest,
 Was the *Redeemer’s Cross* ; thy last bequest,
 One lesson, breathing thence profound humility !

A still deeper interest attaches to the fact, that this accomplished, admired, and celebrated woman was soothed in her last moments by listening to passages read to her from the works of the spiritual and heavenly-minded archbishop Leighton.

We are told, in the Recollections of Mrs. Lawrence, that, “she expired at nine o’clock on the evening of Saturday, the 16th of May, as if anticipating the Sabbath rest, quite exhausted, and fading away in the tranquil transition of sleep, and, it is fervently hoped, without much suffering.”

Her remains were deposited in the vault of St. Anne’s church, Dublin ; and a tablet has been erected to her memory in the cathedral of St. Asaph, where those of her mother repose.

THE HEBREW.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONOLOGICAL RHYMES."

THE tall papyrus bowed its head,
 Above that lonely child,
 The Lotus its white blossoms spread
 Over his pillow wild ;
 Where mirror'd gleams the waters gave
 Of many a massive pile,
 Cradled on the broad river wave !
 Rock'd by the ancient NILE !

His Mother laid him mournfully
 Upon the glassy tomb,
 Which the proud King had scornfully
 Decreed her People's doom ;
 And left in helpless sleep was He,
 On the dark stream alone,
 Whose Nurse a Princess was to be,
 Beneath an Eastern Throne.

Where still the mighty Pyramid
 Its giant shadow flings,
 Where hundred-gated Thebez hid
 Her long array of Kings,
 Where towers (the living world beside)
 The City of the Dead,
 Where Memphis rear'd its walls of pride—
 His years of Childhood fled.

His Nation's sorrow like a cloud
Before his sight hung dim ;
And what were Egypt's Temples proud,
Her Palaces—to him !
Reproach upon his People's lot,
Shame on their forehead lay,
And from the Halls they enter'd not,
His footstep pass'd away.

He turn'd him from the Diadem
That gleam'd above his head,
He turn'd away to share with them
The life the weary led :
To wander where the Holy Dead
Had said their bones should be,
Far o'er where Desart sands lay spread,
Far over the wild sea.

Once more—but in long after years,
Those Palace-courts he trod,
And utter'd in astonish'd ears
The words of Israel's God ;
And darkness in its awful fold
Wrapt hall and chamber high,
And red the crimson River roll'd
Rapid and silent by.

The first-born of The King, whose Throne,
That gorgeous realm obeyed,
The first-born of The Captive lone,
Deep in his dungeons laid—

The sleep of Ages holdeth him !
The Prince ! and the pale Slave !
And thy sad wailings, Mizraim,
Rose wild above the Grave.

Oh ! Israel went forth hastily,
They waited not for day ;
When woke the Night that fearful Cry,
They hurried them away.
The presence of the Task-master,
The hope-entombing River,
The house of bondage, and of fear—
They quitted—and for ever !

An Old Man stood by the wild Sea,
Whose waters stopp'd their way,
While spread along the shingled lea
The Hosts of Judah lay ;—
A Rod was lifted to the sky
Above the deep Sea's bed—
And the swift wind came sweeping by,
And back the waters fled.

They left a path for Israel
Man's foot had never found,
All paved with stone and shell
That strew'd the rocky ground ;
Far, far above had swept the sail,
Like wing of a wild bird,
But never yet Arabian gale
Those hollow deeps had stirr'd.

They left a path for Israel,
A path for them alone !
The horse of the pursuer fell,
By the wild waves o'erthrown !
The Chariots of Pharaoh stayed,
Their wheels drove heavily,
The rider and his steed were laid
Beneath the moaning Sea !

A Song above the waters rose,
A Song where gladness lay,
Through the lone wilderness—its close
Pealed low and far away ;
Encamp'd round Elim's palm-tree wells
The tents of Jacob shone ;
And Horeb's Rock the record tells
Of Him who led them on.

Oh ! Evening Deserts ! whose rude bars
Shut out the green Earth's flowers,
Where nightly rise the changeless Stars
Watch'd from Chaldean towers ;
Your sands have seen the waters clear
Gush sparkling from the rock,
And follow through their pathway drear
The footsteps of His flock !

Along them hath the shadow pass'd,
Flung by the awful Cloud ;
And they have felt the brightness cast
By His illumin'd shroud ;

'Till, years of weary wand'ring past,
Led by His Prophet's hand,
His People found their rest at last
By Jordan's olive strand.

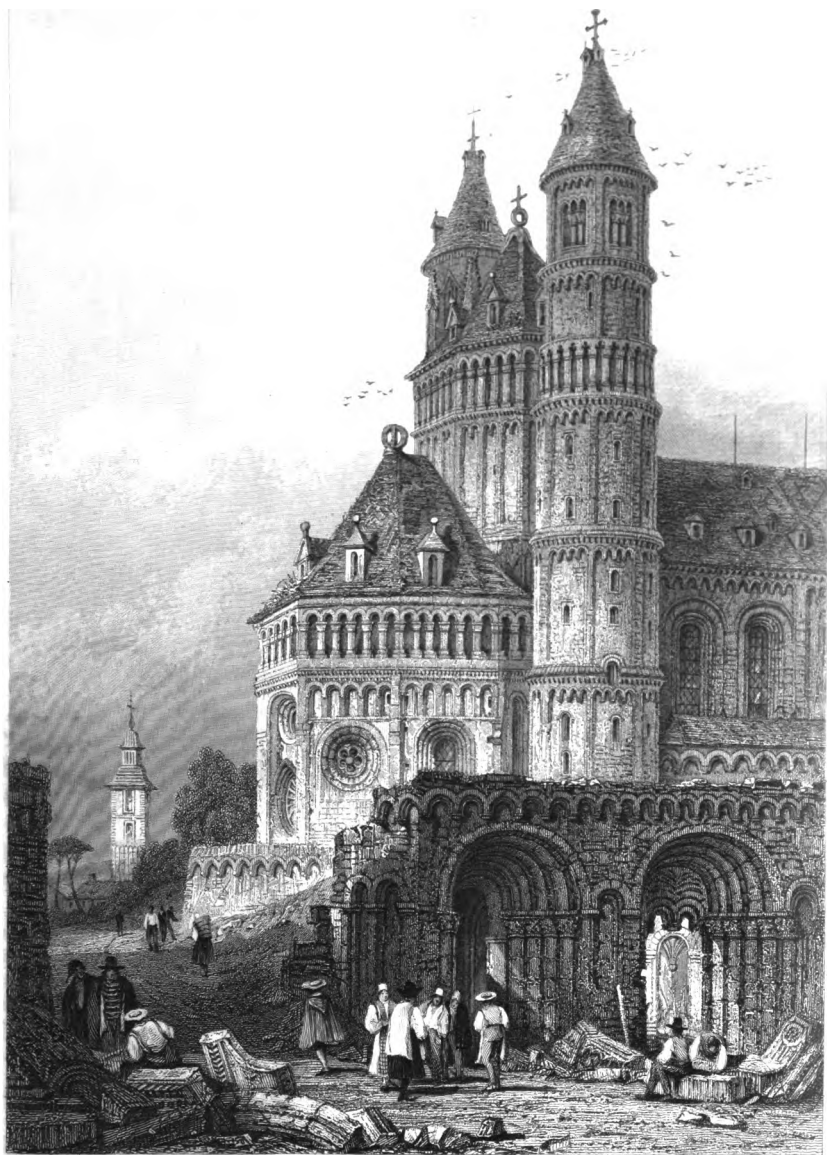
Oh ! many a mould'ring form lies spread
In Hormah's vallies bare,
That fondly once had hoped to tread
The Land of Promise fair :
And He—who power and splendour fled
His Nation's lot to share,
He saw it from the Mountain's head,
But might not enter there !

His lone and lowly Sepulchre
No mortal eye hath seen,
Footstep of Earthly Pilgrim ne'er
Beside that Grave hath been :
Dark Spirits of the peopled air
With angel-forms have striven,
Touching the dust that slumb'reth there,
Watch'd by the eye of Heaven !

WORMS.

BY THE REV. JOHN PYE SMITH, D.D.

Few places upon earth have a greater interest to the philosophical historian and the reflecting Christian, than the little city of Worms. It was an important station in the old Roman empire; it was laid waste, with a vast extent of surrounding country, by the terrible Hunnish conqueror, Attila, in the fifth century; it rose to be a chief city of the Frankish kings; and, in the ninth century, it was the frequent residence of Charlemagne and his successors. In the middle ages, and subsequently, the diets, or assemblies of the electoral and other states of Germany, under the presidency of the emperor, were occasionally held there. Some of those assemblies were of great importance, especially that in 1495, which most essentially contributed to fix the constitution of the Germanic body. That constitution is one of the memorable things of history, both in its nature, as combining more than two hundred states, great and small, independent and sovereign, or professing to be so, under an elective head; and in the powerful influence which it frequently exerted upon the other nations of Europe. After it had stood a mighty, and often terrific colossus, for almost a thousand years, yet gradually declining for at least a century, it fell, and was annihilated, under the shock of the French revolutionary aggressions. The late emperor, Francis,



S. Prout, Esq. F.S.A.

W. Wallis.

THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

had the good sense to lay aside the title when it ceased to have meaning, and contented himself with attaching the imperial style to his hereditary dominions.

The bloody contests of the eighteenth century, especially the wars between Austria and France, were fatal to the prosperity and dignity of Worms. Its situation, on the left bank of the Rhine, exposed it, in a manner peculiarly hapless and ruinous, to the terrible devastations of war, that reproach and scourge of the human race; and the wars to which we refer, were carried on with peculiar atrocity. In 1689, the revenge of Louis XIV. and the cold-blooded cruelty of his ministers and generals, converted this ancient and once flourishing city into a heap of desolations. In subsequent time it was rebuilt in a handsome style, but in magnitude far inferior to the ancient city. The number of inhabitants is now scarcely a tenth part of what it formerly was. Yet the openness and regularity of the modern style of the houses and streets, must be incomparably more favourable to the health of the inhabitants, than the old mode of narrow ways, and houses projecting at every story, with all the accompanying obstructions to light, air, and cleanliness. The country around is rich and fertile; and the magnificence of the Rhine well accords with it.

The cathedral is one of the most venerable specimens of ecclesiastical architecture. Its origin was in the eighth century, but ample additions were undoubtedly made in the middle ages. This massive building seems to have escaped the destruction which the French armies, in 1689, inflicted upon the city. It is represented in our plate surrounded by the melancholy ruins.

But no event has rendered Worms so illustrious as the diet, which was held there in the months of February, March, and

April, 1521. This was the first assembly of the Germanic body that took place after the election of Charles of Austria to the imperial dignity; an election for which, and many other great services, he was principally indebted to the nobleness of mind and disinterested exertions of Frederick III., elector of Saxony, justly designated "the Wise," by his contemporaries and by subsequent historians. To Frederick himself the high dignity was offered by the majority of the electoral princes; but his foresight, moderation, and integrity led him to support the pretensions of Charles, and decided their choice. The young, and for the moment perhaps grateful, emperor, proffered a magnificent present to his benefactor, who inflexibly refused it; and when Charles expressed the hope that he would permit some token of respect to be distributed to his attendants, replied, that any member of his court whom he might learn to have accepted a stiver, should instantly be dismissed.

Civil affairs of great importance demanded the attention of the assembled princes, particularly the dangers to the empire and all Christendom, from the threatening attitude of the Turks; who were then at the zenith of their power, and under the government of Solymán II., a sovereign the most worthy of admiration for his great and noble qualities, of all that ever held the Ottoman sceptre. But the interests of the papacy were regarded with more intensity of feeling, by the princes and the nations of western Europe, than any considerations of danger, fear, or hope, touching civil politics. The abuses of knowledge and power, under the name of religion, had been growing for many centuries; but, during the fourteenth and fifteenth, had risen to a height of bold immorality and open contempt of virtue and honour, which threatened the extinction of every moral principle, and all the safety of private and public life. The personal characters of the popes had long been,

with few exceptions, stained with infamous vices, and rampant with audacious tyranny. At Rome, Christianity was, with half publicity, laughed at as a scheme of imposture, by the very men who employed what they called its rites and authority, for riveting upon the necks of mankind a tyranny the most cruel and unsparing. The tendency and general influence of that which passed under the name of religion, was to debase all ranks to the condition of the slave or the oppressor; and the slavery and the oppression were the more horrible, as they comprehended the domain of both time and eternity, and converted into the foulest instruments of deception, the very susceptibilities of man's conscience, and his prospects of the world to come.

But the diffusion of learning, the invention of printing, and the grand nautical discoveries of the fifteenth century, made men impatient under the yoke, and led them to look about for the means of breaking it off their necks. Those means, however, would never have been found by science and literature alone. The highest refinements in poetry and the arts, and the other glories of the Medicean age, sufficiently demonstrated their tendency by many well-known facts. They would have led only to boundless luxury and selfishness, to a restoration of pagan fables and licentiousness, or to the more horrid dominion of actual atheism. The religion of the Bible only was competent to cope with the evil powers which had leagued themselves against the law and gospel of God, and the true happiness of man. Through the darkest period, there were never wanting, even in the bosom of the papal church itself, men who bore a loud witness to "the truth according to godliness:" and in Savoy and Piedmont, across the south of France, in Calabria, in Bohemia, and in our favoured England, under the illumination of Wycliffe, a living protest was raised

against the usurpations of the man of sin, and the way was opened for the Reformation.

Martin Luther was the man whom God, in his mercy, qualified and raised up, to be a chief instrument in this great and most needful struggle. Simplicity of purpose, honesty of heart, fervent piety, humility before God, and undauntedness before men, marked him out as fitted for the work which he was called to perform; and GOD WAS WITH HIM, or that work would not have been achieved. During four years he had followed opening convictions, uncovering, as his serious inquiries advanced, the subtleties of error and the depths of wickedness. At first he asked for the redress which he imagined could not be refused by the vicar of Christ, when he should be duly informed of the corruptions which required it: but he was soon undeceived. The reigning pope, Leo X., was a licentious infidel. He at first laughed at the excitements produced by the sale of indulgences, and praised the talents of the man who so argumentatively and eloquently opposed the shameless practice. But Leo and his ministers were given to understand that their craft was in danger; and then the dragon spoke with his own voice. Luther was cited to appear before the ecclesiastical tribunal at Rome. The elector of Saxony, well aware that the result of obedience would be the argument of the stake, refused his permission, and obtained from the papal court that Luther should answer for himself in Germany. He, therefore, attended Cardinal Cajetan, a man of real learning and respectable character, had not his understanding been blinded, and his heart poisoned, by the principles of popish tyranny. Luther desired to discuss; the cardinal would admit of no discussion. Luther declared his perfect submission to every thing taught in the word of God; Cajetan insisted upon an instant and unqualified bowing down to the decisions of the

pope, examined or unexamined, known or unknown. Similar frustrations followed conferences with the less haughty Miltitz, and the more artful Eck of Ingolstadt. But the spirit of popery is not that of reason and candour. It sets up the idol of human authority; it demands unqualified prostration; it will not allow its usurpations to be questioned; and, therefore, it leaves them incapable of being cured. Reform within the anti-christian pale was clearly impossible: no course remained but separation from it. The authority of God in his word led the faithful man to this conclusion; and he did not hesitate to act upon it.

The pope had published his bull of June 15, 1520, condemning Luther's writings, forbidding any person to possess them, ordering all copies that could be found to be burned, and commanding that the author himself should be seized, and put to death. This edict was not promulgated in Germany till a considerable time after its date. Long before it came, Luther had discarded all reverence for the pope's authority, viewing it to be no better than "the hypocrisy of liars,—and the deceitfulness of unrighteousness." The publication of the bull furnished the occasion for the most perilous duty, or rather left the upright man no longer at liberty to decline it. As a striking and effective mode of bearing this testimony, on Dec. 10, 1520, in an open place without the city of Wittenberg, in the presence of the university and a vast number of the citizens, he solemnly committed to the flames the bull of Leo X. and the voluminous collection of Gratian and others, called "the Body of the Canon Law." Thus, not in heat of passion, or as an overflowing of revenge, but in the calm deliberation of an honest servant of Christ, he declared before the world his faith, and his obedience to the divine command, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins."

The wise and good elector protected his subject from the inflictions ordered in the bull. But universal anxiety and expectation were aroused. The eyes of all men were turned to the diet, which the emperor had convened for the 6th of Jan. 1521, at Worms. Opposite conjectures were formed upon what would be the conduct of the young and powerful sovereign, in relation to this appalling division in the church and the empire. His natural character was selfish, wary, politic, and reserved; so that, though only twenty-one years old, he had the grave appearance of a man of thirty, and the physiognomy of a deep designer. To a noble and conscientious heart, he seems to have been well nigh a stranger; and the cold calculations of his unrelenting ambition were not likely to meet any check from the education which he had received, or the associations which had been presented to his youthful age; an education formed by servile superstition ingrafted upon Spanish pride and Austrian obstinacy, and associations adapted to strengthen his prejudices.

The diet was attended more numerously than we have ever read of, with respect to any other occasion. Of sovereign princes, and their sons and brothers, there were sixty-six; about one hundred counts, sixty deputies of the free imperial cities, and a great number of barons, knights, foreign ambassadors, prelates, and other clergymen, doctors of divinity, and doctors of laws, particularly those who professed the canon law. The first American probably that had seen Europe, or been seen in it, was also present; a Mexican, whom the terrible conqueror Fernando Cortez had sent to do homage to his sovereign, and who was presented, in his country's dress and accoutrements, to the wondering gaze of the nobles and the people.

It is not our design to give a history of this celebrated assembly; as it may be found in various historical works. But

we earnestly recommend, our young friends especially, to read with close attention the copious and accurate account of the chief occurrences, particularly Luther's speeches; by the late Dean of Carlisle, Dr. Isaac Milner, in the Continuation, which he so ably composed, of the "History of the Church of Christ," which his excellent brother had left unfinished. This peculiarly valuable portion of the work is in volume IV. p. 524—580. We shall mention only a few facts and anecdotes which are not mentioned, or but slightly touched upon, by Dean Milner.

The princes, with their attendants, and vast multitudes of people of all orders, classes, and characters, had flocked to Worms, and the city was filled to overflowing. Every day was a festive day, especially that of the opening of the diet. The men of rank vied with each other in displays of magnificence. Pompous processions, military array, the glittering ceremonial of investitures, and tumultuous public entertainments, intoxicated men's heads during the earlier weeks of the assembly. Licentiousness shewed itself with unblushing front; and the revels of the day, or the diversions of the evening, in the style of Italian and Spanish manners, were often followed by duels and assassinations. There was seldom a night in which several murders were not committed. The pope's legate, afterwards cardinal Aleander, published a liberal remission from the pains of purgatory, and promises of such other tempting benefits as commonly make up an indulgence, to all who would observe the laws of the church, and attend mass on the emperor's birthday. But there was little appearance of even such artificial devotion; while the carnival-days preceding Lent were a season of unbridled licentiousness. After this satiety of dissipation, serious business had its turn.—Some of the German clergy, even high dignitaries, were inclined to moderate measures.

On the other side, Aleander violently declaimed that inquiry and examination had no place in the matter ; that all were bound by the pope's judgment, and it was their only duty to carry it into effect ; and that the heresies of Luther were enough to deserve the burning of a hundred thousand men. He sought to procure their summary condemnation, not only from the general character of his principles, but most particularly because he passionately wished to prevent Luther's being seen or heard at the diet. The emperor's cabinet, however, deemed it the more politic course to allow the accused monk to appear, and personally answer the charges brought against him. Accordingly, on March 6th, a citation and a safe-conduct for coming and returning were sent to him, by the authority of his imperial majesty ; who even condescended, or rather saw it to be wise and politic, to accompany the official documents with an autograph letter. But let not our readers fail here to lay before them the luminous narrative of Dean Milner. They will thus be able to fill up the chasms, and so insert our detached remarks and anecdotes in their proper places.

The magistrates of Wittemberg provided a carriage (*wagen*) for the journey of their beloved divine, with his companions ; and they sent with him, as his legal adviser and advocate, Jerome Schurf, a learned and able doctor of civil law, and the faithful friend of the good cause. His other associates were Justus Jonas, President of the University of Wittemberg and Professor of Divinity ; Nicolas von Amsdorf, at that time a licentiate in divinity, and in following years distinguished in the controversy which lamentably arose among the Protestants upon things indifferent, and the place of good works in salvation ; and a Danish gentleman, Von Schaven, who afterwards served the interests of religion in his own country. Rarely has a party of travellers gone on a more important expedition.

The distance was about two hundred and seventy English miles ; and it, of necessity, occupied them several days. At many places on the way they received the warmest assurances of the interest which men of all ranks took in this great affair ; and the illustrious reformer failed not to preach the gospel where an open door was obtained. They arrived at Worms at ten in the forenoon of April 16th ; on the 17th was Luther's first appearance before the emperor and his splendid attendance ; and Thursday the 18th was the day of the ever memorable audience. In relation to it and Luther's speeches, Dean Milner's narrative is peculiarly valuable.

The following anecdote is well known ; but as, by frequent recital and derivation from second or remoter hands, it has suffered variation, and even Dean Milner has given it in an indirect form, it will be agreeable to see a close translation of Luther's own statement,—

“ When I arrived at Erfurt, a message was brought me that I was already condemned at Worms. The same report was publicly declared in all the towns, so that the herald himself,” (Caspar Sturm, the imperial officer who had served the citation,) “ asked me whether I still thought of going to Worms. Though I feared and trembled, yet I answered him and said, ‘ Thither will I go, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, if even as many devils were in the place as tiles upon the roofs.’” He appears to have made use of the same expression at another time, in reply to a warning from his friend Spalatinus ; upon which, writing long after, he says,—“ I was free from terror ; I feared nothing. So bold can God make one. I know not whether I should now have so much bravery.”

Among the devotional works of Luther we find the following prayer, with regard to the diet at Worms.—“ Almighty and eternal God, how is all the world subdued ! How do they shut

men's mouths! How small and poor is their confidence in God! How tender and weak is the flesh, and the devil so powerful and active by his emissaries and the wise men of the world! How soon do men draw back their hand, and whirl away, and run the common road and the wide way to hell, the proper place of the ungodly! And how do they gaze only at what is magnificent and mighty, great and powerful! When I turn my eyes thitherwards, the bell" (to toll my death) "is already cast, and the sentence is pronounced. O God, O God, O my God, my God, stand thou by me, against the reason and wisdom of all the world! Do thou it; thou must do it; thou alone. It is not my cause, but thine. On my own account, I have nothing to do in this place, and with these great lords of the world. O, might I but spend my days in quietness, far from this worry and confusion! But thine, O Lord, is the cause, which is righteous and eternal. Stand thou by me; thou, the faithful and everlasting God. In no man do I put my trust. It" (human aid) "is worthless, and in vain; all is lame and limping, that is fleshly and savours of the flesh. O God, O God; hearest thou not, O my God? Art thou dead? No; thou canst not die, thou only hidest thyself. Hast thou chosen me for this work? I ask thee, for certainly do I know it. Yea, it is God that rules the whole; for I, all my life long, should never have had a thought of opposing such great lords, had it not been appointed for me. Yea, O God, thus stand by me, in the name of thine own Son, Jesus Christ, who is my shelter and defence, yea, my strong tower, through the power and strengthening of thy Holy Spirit. Lord, where tarriest thou? Thou, my God, where art thou? Come; come; I am ready for this cause to yield my life, patient as a little lamb. For the cause is righteous, and it is thine: and never to eternity will I be separated from thee. Be this con-

cluded, in thy name. The world shall never force me against my conscience ; even if it were still fuller of devils, and if this body of mine, which is but the creature of thy hands, should for thy cause be crushed to the ground, yea, shivered to atoms. Therefore, thy word and thy Spirit are good to me. And all this trouble and danger is only about the frail body : my soul is thine, to thee it belongs, and with thee it shall dwell for ever : Amen. God help me ; Amen."

On his arrival near Worms, crowds filled the road, to gain a sight of the wonderful man who had dared to defy the pope. Some persons bluntly told him that he would never depart thence, but would be burned to ashes as Huss was at Constance : he replied, " If they should make a fire to reach from Wittemberg to Worms, and its flame mount up to heaven, I would here appear in the name of the Lord, and go into the mouth of Behemoth betwixt his mighty teeth, and there confess Christ, leaving to him all consequences."

Great difficulty was found, on both the days, by the imperial officers who had charge of Luther, in making way through the masses of knights and gentlemen who filled every avenue of the palace, At one of the entrances, an old warrior, the Knight Freundsberg, accosted him to this effect : " Monk, thou art venturing upon a course more dangerous than I have ever known in the hottest field of battle ; but God, who has preserved me in many a hard fight, will by his grace be thy protection."

By the whole conduct and speeches of Martin Luther, his respectful demeanour and style of address, his honest firmness, which no earthly consideration could overpower, and the evident justice of his cause, a deep impression was made in favour of the Reformation, upon many princes and nobles, and other secular men, who had till this time refused to pay attention

to it; regarding the whole affair as a mere theological dispute, which they had been accustomed to consider as quite out of their province. The transactions of the diet of Worms, under the leading of God's wise and beneficent providence, formed a grand link in the chain of events, upon which depended the interests, not of Germany only, but of Europe and the whole world; not of one century or two, but of all future time and eternity itself. Had "the standard-bearer fainted," as many, both wishing and fearing, expected that he would, the too probable result, on account of the existing state of the powers of Europe, would have been a melancholy retarding of human improvement, and the trampling of the liberties and the best hopes of mankind under the iron hoofs of civil despotism and ecclesiastical tyranny, each vying with the other in cruelty to man and insult to God.

The rejoinder of Luther to the emperor's attorney-general, John von Eck, (not the divine before mentioned,) is recited by Dean Milner, and by inferior historians, apparently in consequence of their using the Latin translation of Melchior Adam, or some other, in a manner which fails in precision, and in expressing the spirit of this memorable conclusion. We shall, therefore, give a literal translation from what must be regarded as a source of the highest authenticity, the "Documents belonging to the History of the Reformation, from 1517 to 1524," published by the indefatigable John George Walch, in the fifteenth volume of his, which is the best edition of Luther's works, twenty-four volumes in quarto, printed at Halle, 1740—1750, page 2307.

"Since, then, your Imperial Majesty, and ye, most gracious Electors and Princes, desire a plain, simple, straightforward, answer; I will give one that has neither horns nor teeth, and this is it: Unless I am vanquished and convicted of error by

testimonies out of the Holy Scripture, or by such grounds and reasons as shall publicly appear to be clear and plain, (for I believe neither the Pope nor Councils alone, since it is as plain as daylight that they have often erred, and have contradicted themselves;) and thus am convinced with passages from the word of God, and my conscience thereby satisfied,—nothing can I, nothing will I, revoke, for it is neither safe nor wise to do any thing against a man's conscience. Here I make my stand; no otherwise can I: God help me! Amen."

The great hall of the bishop's palace, in which the diet was held, was standing a few years ago, though in a ruinous condition. In the year 1829, two ingenious artists, Messrs. App and Anschütz, published at Worms a fine lithographed print, representing the session of the diet, and Luther in the act of delivering his vindication. They had taken great pains upon the points of antiquarian accuracy; and all the principal figures, which are nearly thirty, are portraits.

PRAYER FOR MISSIONS,

RECOMMENDED TO THE YOUNG.

NIGHT wraps the realm where Jesus woke,
 No guiding star the magi see,
 And heavy hangs oppression's yoke,
 Where *first* the Gospel said, "*be free.*"

And where the harps of angels bore
 High message to the shepherd-throng,
 "Good-will and peace," are heard no more
 To murmur Bethlehem's vales along.

Swarth India, with her idol-train,
 Bends low by Ganges' worshipp'd tide,
 Or drowns the Suttee's shriek of pain
 With thundering gong and pagan pride.

On Persia's hills the Sophi grope ;
 Dark Burmah greets salvation's ray ;
 Even jealous China's door of hope
 Unbars, to give the Gospel way.

Old ocean, with his isles awakes,
 Cold Greenland feels unwonted flame,
 And humble Afric wondering takes
 On her sad lips a Saviour's name.

Their steps the forest-children stay ;
Bound to oblivion's voiceless shore,
And lift their red brows to the day,
Which from the opening skies doth pour.

Oh ! aid with prayer that holy light,
Which from eternal death can save,
And bid Christ's heralds speed their flight,
Ere millions find a hopeless grave.

Kneel, while unsullied youth doth glow
Resplendent on the blooming cheek,
And for the climes of heathen wo,
A blest Redeemer's favour seek.

Blend sweetly with the classic page,
The love of heaven, sublime and fair,
So beauty's brow, though dim with age,
The lustre of the soul shall wear.

L. H. S.

Hartford, United States.

LINES ON THE PORTRAIT OF THE REV. W. JAY, OF BATH.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

FIRM in the faith, and valiant for the truth,
 Thine age hath well redeem'd the pledge of youth,
 Warrior of Christ ! in many a gospel-field,
 The Spirit's sword invincibly to wield,
 And, more than conqueror through thy Captain's might,
 The armies of the aliens turn to flight.

A cloud of witnesses, since life's fair prime,
 Men, angels, God,—a spectacle sublime !
 Have compass'd thee about, and watch'd thy way,
 Brightening or darkening through progressive day ;
 But now, at evening-time, the tranquil close
 Of toil and suffering, take thy brief repose,
 Not under laurels by thy prowess won,
 Or works of righteousness which thou hast done,
 Yet, like a victor, waiting for his crown,
 Beneath the shadow of the cross sit down,
 Till He who died thereon shall bid *thee* die,
 And where *He* lay, but whence He rose, to lie,
 Resting in hope, till that triumphant hour,
 When, sown in weakness, raised in mighty power,
 Thou, to his image perfectly restored,
 Even Thou, shalt be for ever with the Lord.

Meanwhile, may "eyes yet uncreated" see
 That likeness which thy Saviour wore, in Thee ;
 Tongues yet unform'd, to ears unopen'd, tell
 His words of grace as from thy lips they fell ;
 And men unborn his speech and features trace,
 When they peruse thy writings or thy face.

JULY 5, 1836.

PRAYER THE MOST IMPORTANT MEANS OF MISSIONARY SUCCESS.

BY THE REV. E. BICKERSTETH, A. M.

THE Missionary spirit and the Christian spirit are one and the same. They have been far too much disjoined, and viewed as distinct. It is the very property of Divine grace to be diffusive; it is the very end of our own blessedness, to be a blessing; we are ourselves elected, that we may be "the salt of the earth, and the light of the world."

The foundation of missionary feeling is an actual taste and experience of the loving-kindness of God our Father; a real enjoyment of him as our rest, portion, and happiness, attained in the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Saviour. In him God has revealed himself to us as full of holy love, even to us sinful creatures. (Rom. 5. 8.) While his hatred of sin is developed by the strongest of all proofs, the agonies of his Son; the same bitter sufferings display also, in the clearest light, his intense love to those who have sinned, and his ardent desire of their recovery and restoration to holiness and happiness. In viewing this by lively faith, the enmity of our carnal minds against God is removed; we learn to delight in his holiness, as well as in his love; and we attain the same mind towards sinners as that of our gracious, and holy, and heavenly Father.

God the Father has most distinctly manifested his own mind, as to the salvation of men, in varied ways. By a positive statement: "God will have all men to be saved, and to come

to the knowledge of the truth:" and by negative assertions; "God is long-suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." He has confirmed this by a solemn oath: "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turn from his way and live." He has given the most convincing evidence of this by the death of Christ: "The Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world."

God the Son has distinctly manifested the same mind. By the prayer which he teaches us daily to use: "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." By his constant invitations to all men to come to him; and by his last command to his disciples, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

God the Holy Ghost has this one mind also. For this purpose he inspired the Holy Bible to be "a lamp to our feet, and a light to our paths;" for this purpose he continues to raise up and send forth faithful preachers of the gospel; and for this purpose God has promised he will "in the last days pour out of his Spirit upon all flesh."

To have the same mind as the Divine mind, is the highest consummation of Christianity, and the very happiness we hope to enjoy for ever in God's presence. God is light: light is diffusive. God is love: love is ever spreading itself in loving others; and as we grow in grace, we grow in this true light and in this unfeigned love.

There is not a feeling more generally prevalent among men wise and intelligent in this world, than that it is utterly impossible for missionaries to convert the heathen. The most acute politicians, the most able philosophers, the most learned in science, tell us it is in vain for man to attempt to convert the Mohammedan or the Hindoo, the African or the Chinese.

And it is admitted, as far as human power and means go, all the probabilities seem to confirm their statement. But, blessed be God, the commission to preach the gospel is introduced by the assurance, "All power is given to me in heaven and earth," and is closed by the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, to the end of the world." Divine power is expressly promised, to aid us in our utter insufficiency.

Prayer in behalf of Christian missions is the most valuable of all help that can be rendered to this great work. While it is a means that all may use, it is, however, also the most difficult help to render. It is comparatively easy to give a sum of money, or even to ask another to give, but in secret fervently to pray for the success of missions, is especially contrary to flesh and blood; the power of the Holy Ghost can alone raise us to this. Rom. viii. 26. Jude xx.

Prayer is the most valuable help, as it alone gains that which is the secret but only efficient spring of real success. Though all other means originally spring from divine grace, they are wholly ineffectual to the great end of missions, without "the supply of the Spirit of Christ" obtained by prayer. The real conversion of sinners, "the opening of their eyes, their turning from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them that are sanctified by faith which is in Jesus," this is the end of Christian missions, and this end is only accomplished by the direct communication of divine grace through the ministry: "Neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase." Prayer obtains this help. It is absolutely promised to prayer alone. Luke xi. 13.

The example of our Redeemer in prayer is full of instruction. After he had instructed the people, "he went up into a moun-

tain apart to pray ; and when the evening was come, he was there alone." Matt. xiv. 23. Before he went to teach, "in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." Mark i. 35. At the time when great multitudes came to hear, "he withdrew himself into the wilderness, and prayed." Luke v. 16. And who can forget "his prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears," before his last suffering? Luke xxii. 39—45. Heb. v. 7. To him is the address especially made, "Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." Psa. ii. 8. And from him comes the positive determination, "For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." Isa. lxii. 1. And as his example is clear, so his directions are positive, "Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give him no rest till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." Isa. lxii. 6, 7.

It is well worthy of observation, how all the steps of the ministry of the apostles were connected with fervent prayer. Before our Lord chose them, "he went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God." Luke vi. 12. Previous to his sending them out, he gave them the charge, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest." Matt. ix. 37, 38. After his resurrection, he charges them to wait at Jerusalem for the promised Comforter, and there "they all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication." Acts i. 14. And in this spirit they were assembled on the day of Pentecost, when "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." In their trials and difficulties

they were extricated by prayer, again and again. In Peter's danger, "prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him." Acts xii. 5. And so in Paul's. 2 Cor. i. 11.

It is also much to be noticed, how earnest they are in prayer for Divine aid in all the parts of a successful ministry. The door to preach the gospel they notice as "opened of the Lord." 2 Cor. ii. 12. And when a door of entrance is opened, they still exhort to prayer for ability to use it, "praying for us, that God would open to us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ." Col. iv. 3. And when the door of utterance is given, there is still farther need, and farther prayer is urged, "Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified even as it is with you." 2 Thess. ii. 1.

These requests of the apostles furnish us with the best hints for our prayers at the present day in behalf of Christian missions. We must enter into the particular difficulties of each part of the work, if we would pray with interest for their success.

Faith in God's promises is the true root of all earnest prayer. It is perfectly clear that God purposes to give to his Son "the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession." And "the kingdom, and dominion, and greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High." It is perfectly clear that the Jews are to be "brought into their own land, and cleansed from their filthiness, and have a new heart and a new spirit." Ezek. xxxvi. 24—26. Now these promises are the food of faith and prayer. Every promise is a plea and encouragement for prayer, and God has made these very promises to depend on the prayers of the church, "I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them." Ezek. xxxvi. 37. When the Saviour promises, "Surely I

come quickly," then the church is stirred up to the fervent prayer, "Amen, even so come, Lord Jesus." Rev. xxii.

It is observable how a spirit of prayer always precedes a large blessing. Abraham prays, and Lot is delivered from Sodom; Jacob prays, and he is rescued from Esau. Moses prays, and Amalek is vanquished. Solomon prays, and the temple is filled with the glory of the Lord. Asa cries unto the Lord, and the Ethiopians are defeated. Daniel prays, and the Jews are restored from Babylon. The apostles pray, and the Holy Ghost descends on the day of Pentecost.

O that the church of Christ could be brought generally now to the posture of prayer! It would be a far more hopeful sign than any growth of pecuniary success in societies, or any congratulations on the excellent spirit manifested in them. The character of deep humiliation and fervent prayer best becomes the present low charity and feeble efforts of the Christian church at large, as compared with the ardent love and devotion of the primitive church in their vastly inferior outward means of success. Prayer eminently tends to give all glory to God, and therefore he delights to honour prayer.

May the Lord himself give unto each of us, in the house of God, in the social meeting, in the family circle, and in our closets, that "spirit of grace and of supplications," Zech. xii. 10, which he has promised to pour upon his people in the last days. May we all feel that our missionary duty is eminently connected with enlarged intercession. How beautiful and how full is the Divine exhortation upon this subject! "I exhort therefore that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men, for kings, and all that are in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty. For this is good and acceptable in the

sight of God our Saviour, who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth. For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time.

PRAYER USED AT THE ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS OF THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Almighty and most merciful Father, we give Thee humble thanks for the light of Thy Gospel. Make us more grateful for this Thy mercy, and more zealous for the salvation of all mankind.

Visit in mercy the Church of Christ; enrich it more abundantly with the grace of Thy Holy Ghost; and bless its endeavours to make known Thy truth. Unite, as one man, all who are truly labouring for Thee. Disappoint the designs of Satan. Let all Christian Societies live in harmony and love; give them wisdom in all their plans; perfect Thy strength in their weakness; and direct their labours to Thy glory.

The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few! O Thou Lord of the harvest, send forth labourers into Thy harvest! Fill with Thy Spirit those whom Thou hast sent forth; and enable them faithfully and boldly to preach, among Jews and Gentiles, the unsearchable riches of Christ. Keep them from the snares of the world, the flesh, and the devil; deliver them from all evil; and make them wise to win souls.

Take away blindness from the Jews. Let them receive Thee, O Jesus, as their Messiah, and proclaim Thy saving Name among the Gentiles.

Deliver all Mohammedans from the delusions of the false prophet! O Thou true Prophet of Thy church, enlighten

them by Thy Holy Spirit, and bow them down at the foot of Thy cross !

Pity blind idolaters, who are kept in cruel bondage by the god of this world. Turn them from idols, that they may serve the living and true God !

O Thou Almighty Saviour, who by the right hand of God art exalted, and hast received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, shed forth His light and grace on this dark world !

Cause all Christians, we beseech Thee, to sow bountifully, that they may reap also bountifully. O Thou that lovest a cheerful giver, let all grace abound toward them, that they may minister liberally of their substance to the making known of Thy name !

With these our humble prayers, we join our praises and thanksgivings for what Thou hast done, in making Thy salvation : perfect Thy work, O Lord ; shortly accomplish the number of Thine elect ; and hasten the coming of Thy kingdom.

Be present with us, O Lord, at this time. Give us all a single eye to Thy glory. May Thy blessing rest upon our Meeting ; and may all our hearts be this day quickened and encouraged to fresh and persevering efforts in Thy service.

We ask these mercies for the glory of Thy name, through the merits and mediation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ : and would ascribe to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Three Persons in One God, everlasting praise. Amen !

Our Father, &c.

THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE.

[V I G N E T T E .]

THE summer winds are murm'ring low,
That flowery vale along,
Where streams 'neath evening's purple glow
Awake their soothing song.

And, bending o'er that silent tomb,
That suns may not invade
To break the deep and hallowed gloom,
The palm-trees fling their shade.

The graven words that rude stone bears,
In simplest language, tell
Of one, who, strong in manhood's years,
So soon, so sudden fell.

For he had come from distant shores,
Where other waters roll,
Where truth enrob'd in lustre pours
Her sunlight o'er the soul.

Oh! he had come with spirit mild,
The balm of life to bring,
To wake the men by sin beguiled,
From death-like slumbering.

But swiftly life's short race was run—
Soon won the victor wreath—
And, ere his warfare seemed begun,
The warrior smiled in death.

He came when spring's first fragrant gale
Was heard amid those bowers,
He sunk in death when every vale
Was bright with streams and flowers.

He loved the scenes where all was bright,
Beneath that southern sky,
But his spirit sighed to wing its flight
To fairer worlds on high.

There, while the rose-crowned summer smiled,
They laid him down to rest,
And earth, in that enchanting wild,
Received him to her breast.

No kindred graves are seen around,
No brother slumbers nigh,
His household mossy tombs are found
Beneath another sky.

What, tho' no pennons o'er him sweep,
Nor gorgeous banners wave!
He rests in calm, unbroken sleep,
In that thrice-honour'd grave.

And oft at morn and dewy eve,
To deck that spot with flowers,
Shall infant hands a garland weave
Within their sunniest bowers.

The southern breeze shall sweep his tomb,
And leave its fragrance there,
And oft, amid the sacred gloom,
Shall rise the voice of prayer.

And hoary-headed sires shall bring
Their children to the spot
Where he is calmly slumbering,
Still wept, still unforgot ;

And as they linger round the tomb,
With faltering lips shall tell,
How with the first spring's roseate bloom,
The Christian warrior fell.

And they shall love to trace the name
Of him who sleeps beneath,
And meekly ask to feel the same
Repose and calm in death.

Loxton*—to thee a brother gives
The tribute of a tear,
Thy name within our memory lives,
And ever shall live there.

* This amiable, devoted, and eminently gifted man was educated for the Christian ministry at Highbury College. While an inmate of that institution, his virtues, abilities, and industry secured for him the ardent affection of his fellow-students, and the respect of his estimable tutors, who loved him as their child. His humility and faithfulness, combined with his rare endowments, rendered him a most instructive, impressive, and useful preacher; and the largest christian assemblies in the metropolis, or provincial towns, felt it a pri-

We follow—and where'er He calls,
Whose voice thou didst obey,
We go—and he who stands or falls
Shall triumph in that day,

When earth, and each sepulchral sea
Their slumbering dead restore,
And myriads rise to bow the knee
Where death is known no more.

vilege to attend his ministrations: but his heart was set on preaching Christ to the heathen. His constitution not being suited to the climate of India, he selected the South Sea Islands as the sphere of his future labours. Elate with hopes of spending many years in the service of his Lord, he left his native shores in Sept. 1833, and proceeded to Raiatea, his appointed station; whither he was followed by the warm affections of many beloved friends—and the sanguine expectations of others, that he would become the Whitfield of the South Seas, and be the honoured instrument of wide and lasting benefit to their infant churches. Yet after a residence of a few months, He, whose ways are not as our ways, saw fit to take him to himself. He died on the 28th of July, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and was buried in a secluded valley at the back of the Missionary Settlement. His widow, who after his decease became a mother, was obliged, from impaired health and spirits, to leave the island, and reached her native shores, with her infant daughter, born the 16th of September, 1834, within one-and-twenty months after her departure, in 1833. The sketch of the spot in which the remains of the lamented Loxton repose, was taken by Mr. Nightingale, a gentleman who visited the islands for purposes of science, and appears to have cherished a strong attachment for this lamented Missionary.

T. AVELING.

Highbury College.

RECOLLECTIONS OF BISHOP HEBER.

BY THE REV. J. W. DORAN, LL.D.

IT was after witnessing the deplorable condition of men ignorant of divine truth, both in the West Indies and North America, that I was, under God, first led to engage in the cause of Christian missions. Connecting myself, therefore, with the Church Missionary Society, and leaving the appointment of my station to its disposal, I was sent out in May, 1824, to take charge of the Syrian college of Cotyam, on the western coast of India. At the close of the above month we cleared the British Channel, and, after a voyage of unusual length, were wrecked off the Cape of Good Hope. By the interposition of a gracious Providence, no lives were lost: after firing distress-guns for more than three hours, boats reached us from the shore, and in the dead of the night brought us into Cape Town. Hoping to reach Madras, as I did when leaving England, by the close of September, my disappointment may easily be conceived when I found myself, in *this very month*, only thus far on my voyage, and with our vessel a total wreck. Remaining in Cape Town for three weeks, I was cheered by the announcement that an English vessel was entering the harbour; but she was bound for Calcutta, and not for Madras, my proper destination. I did not, however, hesitate to engage a passage in her, and it was this circumstance which brought me into contact with the lamented prelate, whose mortal remains,

some months after, mine was the mournful task of dragging from the bath, of which a view is given at the end of this notice. Whilst inclined to fret at the interruption to, and protraction of, my course to India, how little did I, at the moment, anticipate that it was this circumstance which should give rise to my being the fellow-traveller of Heber in the last journey he made through his extensive diocese of India !

On the 12th of December we reached Calcutta, and the next day I had the honour of being introduced to his lordship by the present excellent Bishop of Madras. I shall not soon forget the cordiality with which he welcomed my arrival, and the playfulness with which he alluded to the fact of my loss at the Cape being their gain at Calcutta,—for otherwise our friends there would not have seen me. He had recently concluded a long and laborious visitation through the upper provinces of Bengal, Bombay, and Ceylon, and was now, I found, preparing to visit the Madras presidency, together with the Syrian churches of Malabar. A metropolitan from Antioch had, some little time before, reached these venerable churches. This metropolitan's injudicious and violent proceedings disturbed not only their peace, but threatened the very existence of those labours which, for years, the Church Missionary Society had been prosecuting amongst them. The generous Heber longed to place himself as the mediator between Mar Philoxenes, metropolitan of Malabar, and this intolerant ecclesiastic, and to this effect addressed a letter to both the parties. Wishing that I should enter upon my assigned duties in the Syrian college unpledged to either of the conflicting authorities, he now signified his desire that I should travel thitherward with himself. Anxious to have as much time as possible with the several members of the corresponding committee of the Church Missionary Society at Madras, I thought it better to precede the

good Bishop to that place, and there await his arrival. Accordingly, sailing from Calcutta December 17th, I reached Madras on the 1st of January, 1825, and remained there, gaining much practical information regarding the character of my future work, and enjoying much Christian converse, till the arrival of the Bishop in the month following. On the 16th of March, the Bishop; the Rev. T. Robinson, private chaplain; Captain H. Harkness, who commanded the escort; Dr. Hyne, medical attendant; and myself,—left Madras, and, after witnessing much that deeply affected and interested our hearts, reached Tanjore on Easter-eve. Here we found the venerable and pious Kolhoff, the pupil of Swartz, still prosecuting his missionary work. On Sunday following the Bishop preached an appropriate sermon; whilst, by a happy arrangement on his part, the Rev. Messrs. Robinson, Kolhoff, Barenbrook, and myself, took each a part in the service. In the evening, Dr. Camerrer, from Tranquebar, preached in Tamul. Never shall I forget the expression of delight which marked his lordship's countenance, when at the close of this service he said, "One would willingly sacrifice seven years of his life to witness this scene!"

I need not here describe the Bishop's interview with the late rajah of Tanjore, nor yet the touching extempore address he made to the missionaries while standing on the grave of Swartz, within the very edifice that had been erected by this missionary's piety and zeal. The former circumstance is graphically given in his own Journal, and the latter in the "Last Days of Heber, by Robinson." Here the mortal course of poor Dr. Hyne closed! On the Sunday, he, for the first time, complained of indisposition; and on the Monday week following, his spirit took its flight from the earthly tenement. I introduce the circumstance here simply because it gave rise to one of those little occurrences, which I think beautifully tended to illustrate the

piety of the lamented Bishop. On the Friday evening we had mounted our horses, intending to continue our journey towards the next station, Trichonopoly, when suddenly his lordship, as if he had forgotten something, dismounted; and one of the party, seizing the moment for bidding once again a last farewell to Dr. Hyne, followed; and, on opening the room-door, found the good Bishop on his knees by the bed-side, imploring the Divine blessing on the poor invalid. How little did the parties then anticipate that their spirits would so early meet in the invisible world!

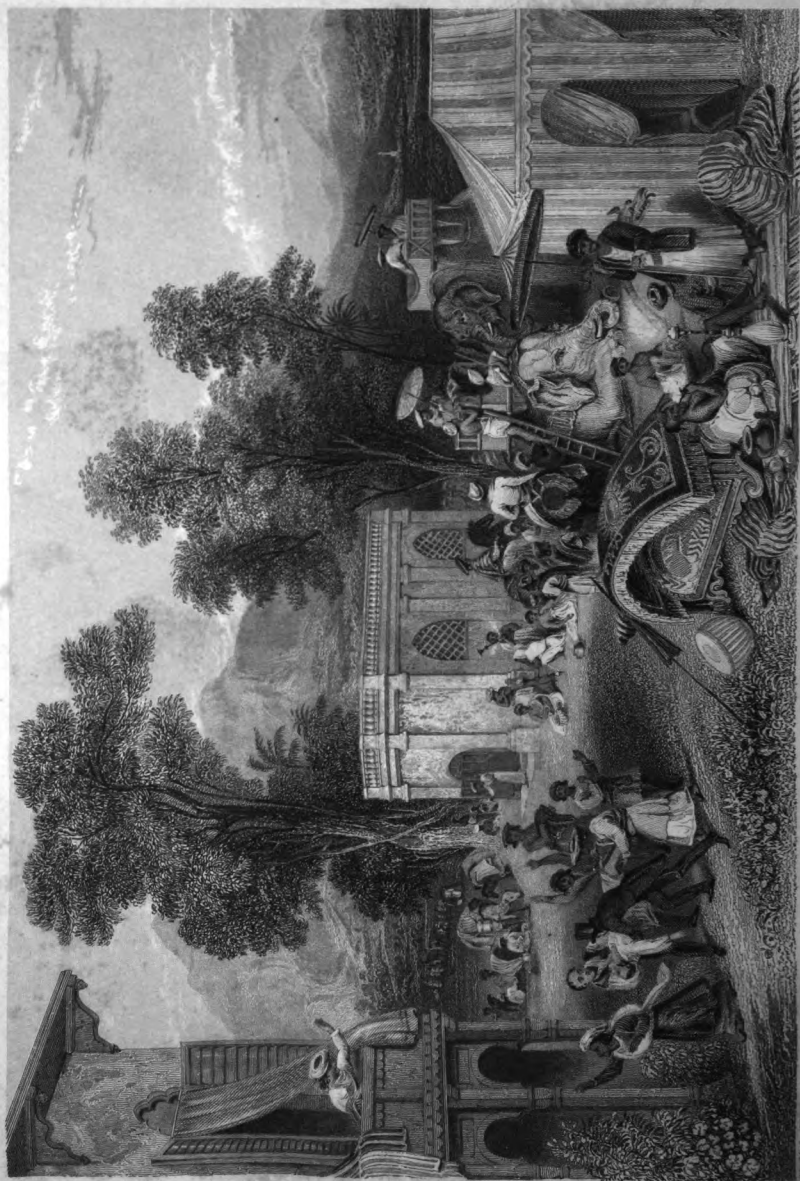
We now bade adieu to Tanjore, and rode to the tent which, thirteen miles onward, had been pitched. The next morning, accompanied by a large party of officers, civil and military, which had come out to meet us, we entered Trichonopoly. His lordship never appeared in better spirits than he did this morning. In the evening, however, he complained of slight head-ache, and having, agreeably to his usual habit, conducted the evening devotions of the party, retired to his bed-room. Next day he preached in the morning, and held a confirmation in the evening.

On the following morning, at six o'clock, we drove together to the fort or mission church, when the excellent Kolhoff presented some native converts for confirmation. After this service, as we descended the steps leading from the church into the court-yard, his lordship was addressed (Mr. Kolhoff being interpreter) by a native catechist, at the head of a file of native Christians. The address was happily conceived, and, seemingly, well expressed; declaring first, thankfulness to the great Head of the church, for having sent such an one to preside over their Indian missions; secondly, gratitude to himself personally for the fatherly interest he took in their spiritual concerns; and, lastly, hope that it might please Him

in whose hands were the issues of life and death, long to continue his valuable life :—alas ! in less than an hour from this time he was in eternity ! The Bishop, having given a brief but appropriate reply to this address, now returned to Mr. Bird's, under whose hospitable roof we had taken up our abode. Mr. Robinson being confined that morning by slight indisposition, we proceeded to his room, conversed together upon various topics for some minutes, and then left the dwelling-house ; his lordship for the bath, and I for a bathing tent separated from it only by a few yards. Twenty minutes had scarcely elapsed, when, by an alarm from his lordship's servant, I was led to the bath ; and my feelings may be more easily conceived than expressed, when I saw the body of my revered diocesan motionless at the bottom of the water ! I instantly plunged in, and, assisted by Archdeacon Robinson, Captain Harkness, and a few natives, raised him from the water, and carried him across to the dwelling-house. So unexpected was the event by those who had a few minutes before seen the Bishop walk, in perfect health, to the bath, that the bearing of his body to the house scarcely disturbed those of the retinue who were loitering around, or engaged in preparations for resuming their journey. Two medical gentlemen were soon in attendance, who, by bleeding, inflating the lungs, and friction, tried to restore animation : but, alas ! in vain ; the immortal part had returned to God who gave it. Oh, how shall I describe our feelings under this stroke of a mysterious providence ! I must not, because I am not able to give the description. I thought of the millions of long neglected, idolatrous India, and mourned that one so competent to bless them by his unequalled influence, unwearied exertions, and fervent prayers, was gone. I thought of the widow and orphans, and felt for their irreparable loss. I thought of myself and brother missionaries throughout the country, and

lamented our bereavement. No sooner had he been pronounced dead, than as touching a scene as can well be conceived, was brought before me. When the sad intelligence of his death reached the ear of Mr. Kolhoff, he hurried to the house, presented himself at the door of the room where the body lay, and said, with tears trickling down his furrowed face, Is our father dead? Is our father dead? He then rushed into the room, flung himself across the body, and in this position poured out one of the most affecting prayers that ever met my ear. God, he said, had in mercy sent our father to look after us, who, as sheep, had been scattered throughout this great and terrible wilderness; and God, in justice, on account of our sins, (for we were unworthy of him,) hath removed our father from us. He then acknowledged, that though the footsteps of the Lord were oft, to our eyes, in the great deep, yet all His dealings were ordered in wisdom and love.—Such was the substance of the prayer poured out by the aged missionary, whilst yet on the body of the beloved Bishop Heber. Were I at liberty to enlarge the limits of this article, I might relate many a circumstance which, whilst it exhibited the *spirituality* of his lordship's mind, would also shew what an unfair exposé of his religious character his published journal gives. I am often pained to discover the prejudices that have been taken against him, from a perusal of the journal.

In judging of the piety, the spirituality of Heber's mind, we should ever remember that he was the accomplished scholar, the elegant poet, the accurate draughtsman, and that if travelling, *in such a country as India*, with a man of ordinary powers, taste, and acquirements, whilst the latter did not possess half the piety of the former, possibly in a journal he might exhibit much more. In Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay,



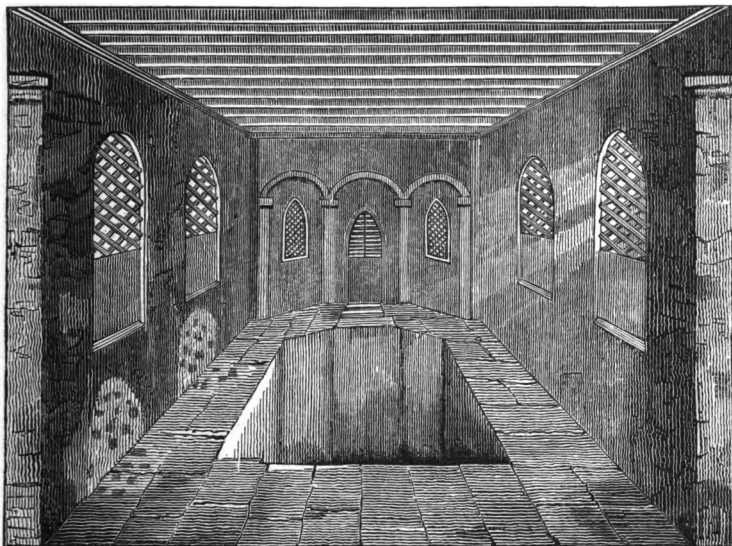
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THE END OF THE WORLD

STANDARD, NON-SCOTLAND & PAPER 1866

meetings were called for the purpose of collecting money to erect a monument to his memory. But, in Trithonopoli, I was privileged to see, the Monday after his lamented death, all the officers, civil and military, assembled together, when a testimony was borne, more honourable, perhaps, to the deceased, and more creditable to the Christianity of the living, than if they also had constructed a marble monument to perpetuate the memory of his generous transactions. I was privileged, I say, to see each of the above-named come forward and put down his name as a regular subscriber, and with a large donation, in order to protect the interest of the now bereaved Christian mission established there! Such a testimony, I repeat it, was equally honourable to the dead and the living!



INTERIOR OF THE BATH IN WHICH HEBER EXPIRED.

THE COMPLAINT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE.

WHILE pleasant news from distant lands
 Refresh us in thy varied pages,
 Like water, that o'er desert sands
 The burning pang of thirst assuages,*
 While every soul that loves the Lord,
 Must glow with rapture at thy story
 Of heathen millions, by his word
 Brought to the light of gospel glory ;

While poetry breathes o'er the heart,
 In sweet and holy strain uniting
 Her power, with painting's magic art,
 The eye and ear of taste delighting ;
 Why only has my own green land,
 Here shed no ray of gladness o'er us ?
 No bard here sings her praise,—no hand
 Here lays her lovely scenes before us.

Is it that other climes display
 More flowery vales and brighter fountains,
 Scenes worthier of a poet's lay
 Than our Hibernia's emerald mountains ?
 Has genius quite withdrawn her aid,
 Where once her beams celestial lighted ?
 No, but there hangs a chilling shade
 Around, that every joy has blighted.

* Prov. xxv. 25.

You tell of many a heathen land,
To moles and bats their idols casting,*
And coming forth at God's command
To life and glory everlasting.
But here is no bright record found,
To cheer us from our own loved Erin,
She, desolate, sits on the ground,†
The galling yoke of bondage wearing.

Since then you have no pleasant tale
To tell of this once-favoured nation,
Oh ! let her misery prevail,
Depict her wrongs, her desolation,
And every Christian heart will burn,
To help her at the mournful story,
Till her benighted children turn
And walk in light of gospel glory.

H. S. E.

THOUGHTS ON PSALM LXI. 2.

THOU at whose dread command
The firm and solid land,
The glittering sky,
And ocean's rolling tide
Arose in all their pride,—
The rock 'neath which I hide,
Higher than I.

* Isa. ii. 20.

† Isa. iii. 26.

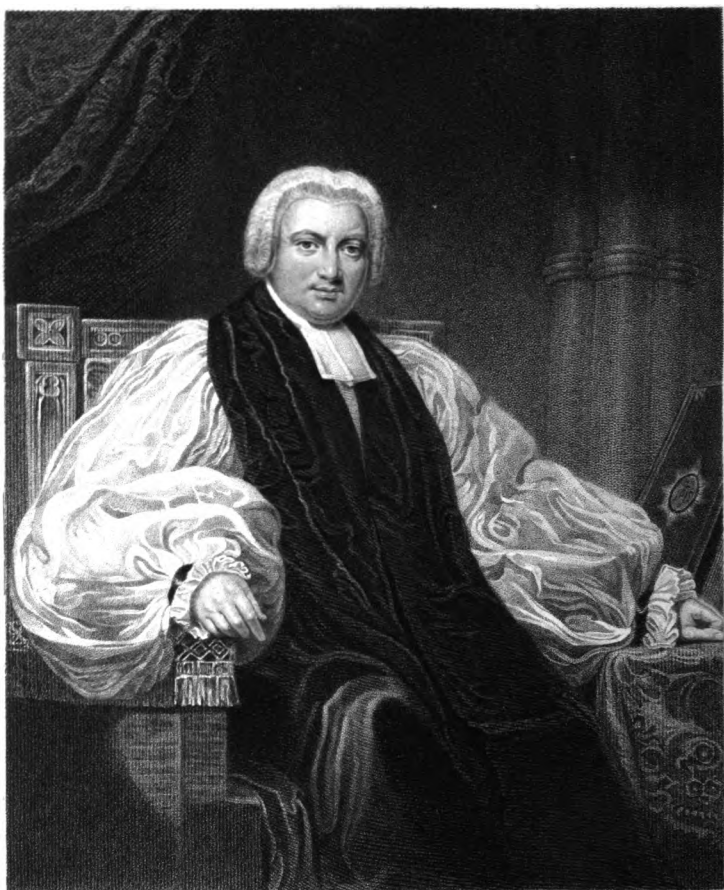
Traced on each lofty height,
I read thy boundless might,
 Thy majesty ;—
Frail as the summer flower,
When wintry tempests lower,
Be thou my shield and tower,
 Higher than I !

And when around my way,
The summer sunbeams play,
 No cloud on high ;
When faint with toil and heat,
Then lead my weary feet
'Neath the rock's cool retreat ;
 Higher than I.

Love too is written there ;
I read its traces fair
 Emblazoned high ;
For many a summer flower
Smiles thro' its little hour,
Fixed on that Rock of power
 Higher than I !

Oh ! Thou, the Christian's Rock !
Firm mid the tempest's shock,
 To thee I fly !
With thoughts of power oppressed,
Still on thy love I rest ;
Almighty ! Ever-blest !
 Higher than I !

E. M. I.



Painted by H. W. Pickerskill.

Engraved by T. Woolacott.

HENRY RYDER, D.D.

H. Ryder & Co.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHURCHILL

BISHOP RYDER.

THE Honourable Henry Ryder was the youngest son of Nathaniel, Earl of Harrowby, by Elizabeth, daughter and coheiress of the Right Rev. Dr. Terrick, Lord Bishop of London. He was born in 1777, and from childhood displayed the union of good talents with a singularly amiable disposition. At a proper age he entered at St. John's College, Cambridge; and from his earliest youth having been exemplary as a son and a brother, he passed through the University with a generally high character, as a young man of literary taste, studious habits, and of irreproachable conduct. Yet, as he himself afterwards confessed, he was leading at this time, like other young men of rank and fashion, a life of worldly pleasure; and he has been known to refer to this, and the immediately subsequent period of his history, in terms of the deepest self-abasement, as one in which he had vainly sought to find happiness in a career of earthly enjoyments, unmindful of the purpose of his being, and living "without God in the world."

He was ordained, in the year 1800, by the late Bishop Cornwallis, to the curacy of Sandon, the family seat in Staffordshire. In 1802 he was appointed rector of Lutterworth in Leicestershire, (the living once held by the illustrious Wycliffe,) and four years afterwards vicar of the almost contiguous parish of Claybrook. In his parochial charge he conducted himself in such a manner as to obtain general respect and esteem. Though he

mixed freely with worldly company, and entered into the amusements of fashionable society, he was never inattentive to the proprieties of the clerical character, nor suffered pleasure to interfere with the outward duties of his ministry. Indeed, such was his kindness to the poor, his attention to the sick, and his diligence in catechising the young, that he was looked upon by the world at large as a complete model of a young parish priest. His theological studies also were pursued with great interest: he read attentively the writings of the early fathers; studied critically, with the help of approved commentators, the sacred text; and took great pains with the preparation of his sermons. Yet there is the best authority for saying, that neither at the time of his taking orders, nor for some years after, had he by any means that deep sense of responsibility which a just view of the sacredness of the ministerial trust never fails to produce. From his being at that time not duly impressed with the worth of *his own* soul, nor animated by a grateful sense of individual obligation to the Redeemer, his religion was rather professional than personal. He had not been made to feel "the plague of his own heart," the insufficiency of his strongest efforts, and the sinfulness of his best performances, in the sight of a pure and holy God; and the consequent necessity of a simple, *exclusive* dependence on the atonement, righteousness, and intercession of the Son of God, and the sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit. Hence his preaching was very defective, and in some important respects fundamentally erroneous. On the cardinal point of *justification*, his statements, in his early published sermons, are, to say the least, ambiguous and unsatisfactory. Their characteristic defect is a cold and feeble exhibition of the doctrines of Divine grace, which are stated obscurely and with reserve; nor do we meet with those powerful appeals to the conscience, that attractive exhibition of the love of Christ, and that anxiety

to hold him forth in his varied offices, which afterwards gave to his discourses so much impressive warmth and energy. Limited in his spiritual progress by the influence of such views, Mr. Ryder seems to have passed the first eight or nine years of his ministry at Lutterworth. The change, which appeared about the year 1811, was probably preceded by deep yet silent impressions, and promoted by domestic affliction arising from the loss of his revered and beloved father, and soon after, in 1807, of a sister to whom he was affectionately attached. At this time he received much comfort and instruction from Cecil's "Friendly Visit to the House of Mourning;" a little work which has been, in God's hand, the guide of many to the only true source of consolation.

In Mr. Ryder was strikingly illustrated the truth of our Saviour's declaration, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God." Even while his views were defective, he acted faithfully and conscientiously up to the light he had received. He was diligent in study, assiduous in the active duties of his profession, and remarkably conscientious in the choice of his curates. They were men of spiritual views and humble piety, from whose conversation and example he derived many valuable hints, which, with characteristic simplicity and lowliness of mind, he carefully improved and acted upon. In conversing with them on the spiritual condition of the sick, whom they visited in common, there is reason to think that he acquired his first lessons in that spiritual anatomy in which he afterwards became so great a proficient. He likewise derived much advantage from intercourse with other decidedly pious persons, and from books of a more devotional character than he had formerly been in the habit of perusing; such as Newton's "Cardiphonia," and "Letters to a Nobleman."

During the earlier years of his ministry, he had looked with suspicion, though not with hostility, upon men of evangelical sentiments. Hence he stood aloof from the pious and venerable Mr. Robinson, of Leicester, and declined all participation in the religious institutions at that time exciting so deep an interest in society. But these prejudices gradually wore away; and in the year 1811 we find him subjected to the reproach of the world for studiously seeking the companionship of men of acknowledged piety. In this year, likewise, he presided at the annual meeting of the Leicester Auxiliary Bible Society, and in the strongest terms expressed his approbation of its principle and designs. Two years after this he preached in St. Mary's church, Leicester, on occasion of the sudden death of its revered pastor, Mr. Robinson, a sermon, in which he distinctly avows his own cordial reception of all the great fundamental doctrines of the Gospel, in a style and tone strikingly contrasted with some other sermons preached by him in the same town a few years before. It was at this period of his life, too, he commenced daily family prayer, and the reading of the Scriptures morning and evening.

The change thus gradually produced in Mr. Ryder's mind had the happiest influence on his parochial ministrations; which were extended beyond the customary routine. His preaching was faithful, fervent, and affectionate, characterised by a prayerful spirit; and his very animated manner gave to a written sermon much of the air of an extemporaneous address. Besides a cottage lecture at Claybrook, he held a weekly lecture on the premises of a large manufactory at Lutterworth, with a particular view to the benefit of the persons employed in it; and such was the deep and lively interest he took in the instruction of the young, especially when preparing for con-

firmation, that many are now living who have reason to bless God they were the objects of his pastoral instruction, care, and love.

About this time, this truly exemplary clergyman was raised to the deanery of Wells, which he exchanged a few years ago, from conscientious motives, for the less lucrative appointment to a prebendal stall in Westminster. He was also a canon of Windsor. Already eminent for his pulpit talents, his active zeal, and his genuine piety and liberality, he was raised in 1815 to the episcopal bench as Bishop of Gloucester, from which see he was translated in 1824 to that of Lichfield and Coventry. He adorned the mitre by his amiable virtues and personal sanctity, and was constantly distinguished by his unaffected courtesy and liberal feeling towards all sincere Christians. In the discharge of the ecclesiastical duties of his high station, his affability and condescension were truly admirable. On occasions which obliged him to oppose the wishes, or reprove the conduct, of those who appeared before him, the refusal lost half its sternness, and the reproof more than half its severity, in the mildness of his language and the unaffected gentleness of his deportment. He gave the most liberal pecuniary assistance to benevolent undertakings, especially in his own diocese, to the interests of which he was ever attentive; and his zeal and activity in the personal discharge of his episcopal functions were unwearied.

During the last two or three years of his life, his lordship's health had been visibly declining. A total prostration of strength, accompanied with an organic affection of the heart, appeared to be the proximate causes of his death. A few days before this, even, he uttered with deep emotion, to one of his sons,

a sentiment which was habitual to him : "Others may praise me, and speak of what I have done ; but I wish you all to remember, that I look upon my best services *as nothing, and worse than nothing* ; and that I desire to cast myself as a poor sinner at the foot of the Cross." He expired at Hastings, March 31st., 1836, in the fifty-ninth year of his age.

In him the established church has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and our religious institutions one of their most catholic, right-minded, and zealous supporters. Of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in particular, he was a steady and most efficient patron and advocate—always listened to with pleasure and attention at its meetings, to which the admirable spirit of his addresses powerfully contributed to give a salutary tone. We could ill afford to lose one of the very few prelates who have, in recent years, stood by the principle of the Bible Society, and shewn, by so doing, their preference of the common interests and fundamental principles of vital Christianity, to the supposed interests of any denomination or party.

THE DYING HINDU GIRL.

It is a custom among the Hindu girls, to offer to the river Ganges little rafts, laden with flowers, and lighted with a small lamp ; and these votive offerings may frequently be seen in the evenings, floating on its waters. This custom is alluded to in the following lines.

AND I must die ! though young flowers are springing
 In their fresh loveliness around me now ;
 And those dear fountains are for ever flinging
 Sweet dew, which cannot cool my burning brow.

To die—to die ! oh, thought of dread and sadness ;
 To leave each object of my love and care ;
 To bid farewell to earth, to hope, to gladness ;
 And yet to be—oh, who shall tell me where !

Why, mighty Ganges !—why, celestial river !
 Hear I, in vain, the rushing of thy tide ?
 Why is the boon of life, Immortal Giver !
 To me, thy trembling-suppliant child, denied ?

Did not my gleaming lamp burn pure and brightly ?
 Were not my flowers the sweetest and the best ?
 Surely thy waves rejoiced, and bore full lightly
 The fragrant treasure on their placid breast.

All, all is vain : thou heed'st not this fond clinging
To life's dear haunts, so eager, so intense :
No—though the hearts I love, with grief are wringing,
We part—we part : I feel I must go hence.

Then let me yet, beneath the poplar lying,
Look up to its green depths, as oft of yore ;
And let me hear the soft wind's gentle sighing ;
Health in its breath shall come to me no more !

And fill my lap with flowers,—such od'rous flowers
As tempt the wild-bee from his honey-cell.
If I must die,—oh, be it mid these bowers,
With all around me I have loved so well.

And wreath, (oh, smile not) wreath my drooping tresses
With almond-blossoms, fresh from yonder bough,
Which fade and wither ere their beauty blesses
The ripen'd spring : such, such am I, e'en now !

There sought, that day, her lone, secluded dwelling
A stranger, from the land beyond the sea ;
And while the maid her mournful thought was telling,
He, listening, leant beside the aged tree.

Servant of God he was—His glory only
He sought ; all other aims and hopes resign'd :
For this, in those dark realms, tho' sad and lonely,
His gentle spirit toil'd, and ne'er repin'd.

With all a pastor's deepest, tenderest feeling
 For this poor lamb, which knew no shepherd's fold ;
 The *lamp of life*, in all its light revealing,
 Till nature's darkness from before it roll'd.

He gently led the Hindu's dying daughter
 To HIM, the mighty victor o'er the grave ;
 Spake of His kingdom, yet unseen, and brought her
 Low at the Cross, to feel His power to save.

Oh blessed change ! no more, with fond misgiving,
 Did that young heart to life's endearments cling ;
 Calmly she smiled farewell to all the living :
 And, dying, murmured—Death hath now no sting !

F.

 P E A C E .

SAY, gentle Peace, where most thou lov'st to dwell,
 In gilded palaces, or low-roofed homes,
 In pleasure's path, or contemplation's cell,
 Or mid the stillness of the convent glooms,
 Where lonely footsteps steal, as oft, at eve,
 The living melody of music comes,
 Rolling along the high o'er-arching domes ?
 Or dost thou love the city's hum to leave,
 And mid the loneliest wilds thy chaplets weave ?
 Ah, no ! thy habitation, and thy rest,
 Is in the temple of the human breast,
 Where pure Religion dwells, and thoughts that grieve
 Are all unknown. By thee alone is given
 The spirit's calm—the antepast of heaven.

T. A.

ELIJAH.

BY THE REV. THOMAS GRINFIELD, M.A.

MAJESTIC leader of the prophet band,
 Pleased let me trace thy wise and wondrous tale.
 While thirst and famine scourge thy guilty land,
 Methinks I view thee in that hermit vale,
 By Cherith's rushing stream that soon must fail;
 Where duly, morn and eve, at God's command,
 Those winged caterers their charge regale
 With food, where cull'd?—a beauteous group they stand
 Before the expectant seer, nor shun his holy hand.*

Slow months of judgment roll: the wither'd ground
 Nor shower, nor dew, revive: the stream is dry,
 That cheer'd Elijah, where not lone he found
 The loneliness, his God his company.
 In the poor widow's loft, from hostile eye
 Secure he dwells. While famine preys around,
 Her meal, her cruse, unwasting store supply;
 How at her heart did all the mother bound,
 When with new-breathing life her lov'd, lost child he crown'd!†

* 1 Kings xvii. 1, &c.

† 1 Kings xvii. 8, &c.

The scene is changed. Forth, at Jehovah's call,
 (Like fire, like thunder, from the dark, still cloud,)
 He starts to light. Can Ahab's rage appall?
 He fronts the king on Carmel, midst a crowd
 Of pamper'd prophets who to Baal bow'd.
 Unfriended, hemm'd with foes, he scorns them all,
 "Where Baal's fire?" he bids them call aloud:
 In vain: but God has answer'd.—Swift they fall
 Beneath his vengeful sword, like victims from the stall.*

Champion of truth and heaven, sublimely brave,
 Canst *thou*, before a woman, trembling fly?
 Menaced by Jezebel, his *life* to save,
 He seeks the desert,—there desires to *die*!
 Sustain'd, as Moses once, without supply,
 He dwells, where Moses dwelt, in Horeb's cave.
 A whisper breathes;—"why here, Elijah, why?"
 Rocks rend around, flash lightnings, whirlwinds rave:
 That still small voice was God's, and wakes him in his grave.†

Tremble, with thy remorseless Jezebel,
 Proud Ahab!—In his grandeur re-appears
 The lion prophet from his tomb-like cell,
 To scorn his own, and rouse your wiser fears.
 Of Naboth, and your murderous fraud, he hears,
 And sternly shews the spot where Naboth fell,
 Red with your blood.‡—Thou, too, amidst thy peers,
 Tremble, thou dying worshipper of Bel,
 At him who thy vain troops with lightning stroke can quell! §

* 1 Kings xviii.

† 1 Kings xxi.

† 1 Kings xix.

§ 2 Kings i.

His crown is won ; his toil and dangers end.
 See him o'er Jordan, by his mantle riven,
 Beside his loved Elisha slowly wend,
 In farewell talk.—Sudden the sign is given,
 Yon fiery car, by fiery coursers driven!
 Their awe-struck gaze, while filial prophets bend,
 'Tis here, 'tis gone.—'They view him into heaven,
 Rapt in a whirlwind, spirit-like ascend ;
 The mantle of his might dropt on his asking friend.*

"My father, oh, my father!" lingering sighs
 That friend, now lone.—The father, where is he?
 Embosom'd in the bliss of paradise,
 Where, heavenly Saviour, dwell thy saints with thee,
 With thee and angels, and thy glory see,
 Thy glory share ; as once to mortal eyes
 A glimpse was given on Tabor, when thy three
 Saw thee with Moses and Elijah rise,
 And heard divine discourse—the theme, thy sacrifice.†

Farewell, high-favour'd prophet! Moses died
 On Pisgah, gazing o'er the wished-for land :
 Jesus, on Calvary, for all beside
 Once tasted death,‡ as Love eternal plann'd,
 Thou, only Thou, exempt from heaven's demand,
 Didst, while thy mantle fell, to glory ride :
 Emblem of him who, when the faithful band
 Of his first friends their Lord's ascension eyed,
 The promis'd Spirit sent, their comforter and guide.

* 2 Kings i.

† Luke ix. 30, 31.

‡ "He tasted death for every man." Heb. ii.

“ THY WILL BE DONE.”

BY N. WATSON.

MERCIFUL God ! all-gracious Father ! thou
 Who canst do aught but err ; thy will be done,
 To this O make my inclinations bow ;
 And be my will subservient to thine own.

Have I a cherish'd hope, a thought, a bliss,
 To which my spirit is most fondly prone ;
 If thy behest ordain my losing this,
 Teach me, great God, to feel “ Thy will be done.”

If sickness wither, or if pain oppress,
 And o'er my soul a darkling gloom be thrown,
 Aid me, O God, to bear the saddening stress,
 To love thee yet, and feel “ Thy will be done.”

Thy will be done—for us thy will, that I
 Perish not, sin not, that I live to thee,
 And fix my hopes of happiness on high,
 On joys that wane not through eternity.

RHODES.

BY GEORGE REDFORD, D.D. LL.D.

“ There huge Colossus rose with trophies crowned,
And Runick characters were graved around.” POPE.

THIS small island, with its dismantled fortifications and dilapidated city, but a degree above a fishing town, long prostrate under the feet of Mohammedan oppression and misrule, was once the brightest gem of the Mediterranean sea; renowned alike for arts and arms; a favourite with the gods, the impregnable asylum of liberty, and the pet of the free states of Greece. Its inhabitants long sustained a high rank among those celebrated masters of the world, and contributed not a little to heighten that unrivalled splendour with which the name of Greece will for ever be invested.

The island of Rhodes is celebrated in ancient history for its maritime greatness, and the regulations of commercial intercourse which it originated, and was the means of establishing among civilized nations; for its successful defence against one of the most powerful and renowned of the successors of Alexander the Great; and for the wonderful statue of Apollo, which, in the days of its glory, strided across the entrance to its harbour, and under which the largest ships of war then known in the world, could enter in full sail. Its more ancient names were, Asteria, Ophiusa, Etheria, and some others of classic authority. The name of Rhodes, by which it has been most

usually, and is still, known, is derived either from Rhodé, a very beautiful nymph, who is reported to have dwelt there, or, as the classical antiquaries more generally suppose, from the profusion of roses to be met with in every part of the island. This etymology derives the name from the Greek word *ῥόδον*, *rhodon*, a rose, no unsuitable designation for the fairest and most celebrated of that cluster of isles, which distinguish and beautify the northern side of the Mediterranean, and which are most intimately connected with the history and the glory of Greece.

Some authors, of no mean name, conceive that they can trace the designation, both of the island and its inhabitants, as far back as Javan, the son of Japheth; for the *Dodanim*, mentioned Genesis, chap. x. verse 4, as the immediate descendants of Javan, are by the Septuagint translators denominated *Ῥόδιοι*, or Rhodians. The Samaritan Pentateuch also agrees with the Septuagint in this rendering of Gen. x. 4. Jerome, Eusebius, and Isidore coincide in the opinion that the first inhabitants of this island, after the Flood, were the *Dodanim*, or *Rhodanim*, mentioned in Genesis as the immediate children of Javan. Other learned authors assent to the reading of *Rhodanim* for *Dodanim*, but think it doubtful whether these were not the ancestors of the Gauls who settled near the mouth of the Rhone and in the vicinity of Marseilles, where a district and a city were anciently known by the name *Rhodanusia*.

The classic historians attribute the peopling of Rhodes to the *Telchines* or *Telechines*, a race that crossed over from Crete to Cyprus, and passed thence to Rhodes. Among so many opinions, it is no easy matter to decide. One thing, however, is certain, that Rhodes was in a high state of civilization and improvement during the palmy days of Greece; and that it maintained the independence and glory of its

republic against those conquerors who perpetually harassed and threatened, and, in part, subdued, the other free states. The establishment of the city of Rhodes is dated by the ancient historians 408 years before the Christian era. It is probable that it was founded much earlier, for it was a highly flourishing and first-rate commercial city in the time of Alexander the Great. Some conception may be formed of its political and maritime importance, as well as of its strength and riches, from the fact, that Demetrius Poliorcetes, the son of Antigonus, and one of the successors of Alexander, deemed the reduction of it under his own dominion essential to the permanence and success of his power among the Grecian states. He concentrated his forces against it, about 304 years before the Christian era.

The history of this siege presents one of the most extraordinary and interesting narratives to be found within the records of classic antiquity. The skill and bravery, both of the besiegers and the besieged, were so nicely balanced, that for a whole year it remained doubtful which would be victorious. Demetrius was one of the most skilful and experienced generals, as well as one of the most powerful monarchs, in the world, yet his most strenuous efforts were repeatedly defeated by the surpassing vigilance and resolution of one of the bravest and most devoted garrisons that ever withstood an assailing enemy. Every formidable engine of war then in use, with many new inventions of the most destructive and powerful kind, were brought to bear against the town. Breach after breach was made in the fortifications, but still without success. Stratagems were tried, but defeated; assaults by the whole body of the besiegers were made by night and by day, but were still repulsed. Demetrius continually exerted all his military genius, and displayed the most consummate general-

ship, while his troops fought with a bravery never surpassed; and still the garrison could neither be brought to surrender, nor be driven from the defence of their shattered walls.

An interesting anecdote is preserved of a celebrated painter of the name of Protogenes, who during the siege resided in the suburbs of the city, and so far retained his self-command, and evinced his devotedness to his favourite pursuit, as never once to quit his painting-room, or leave his house. In the midst of the din of war he is said to have continued the prosecution of his studies, and to have been quite indifferent to the scenes of terror and destruction which surrounded him. This fact being reported to Demetrius, his curiosity was excited to see this artist. He accordingly went to visit him, and actually found him at work in his painting-room. The king inquired how it was he could venture thus to expose himself to danger, and why he chose at such a time to continue his usual occupation? Protogenes replied, "It is because I am sensible Demetrius has declared war against the Rhodians, and not against the arts and sciences." Demetrius feeling complimented by this reply, became his protector, gave him a promise of safety, planted a guard around his house, and frequently visited him during the remainder of the siege.*

But to return to the narrative; we observe, the efforts of Demetrius must ultimately have terminated in the reduction of the place, had not the other states of Greece thrown frequent and most important succours into it, consisting both of men

* A famous painting by this artist is said to have been shewn to Apelles, who was so astonished and delighted by the performance, that for some time he lost the power of utterance, and was literally unable to speak. After he had recovered himself, he exclaimed, "Prodigious work! Admirable performance!" This painting was preserved at Rome till the time of Pliny, who mentions it.

and provisions. The king therefore felt more determined to carry his purpose, because thereby he should break the confederacy formed against himself, and subdue the great maritime power of Rhodes, which had hitherto proved so formidable to his ambition. The siege was renewed time after time; new and extraordinary machines were prepared; moveable towers, battering instruments, machines for hurling torches and stones, and shooting prodigious quantities of arrows, all were brought to bear against the inhabitants. But they continued to defend themselves with astonishing skill and bravery, sometimes sallying forth and burning his machines, or rendering them useless.

At length Demetrius constructed an engine of war of immense magnitude, having several stories, all to be filled with soldiers, armed and equipped in various ways, and with all sorts of destructive machinery. To the sides of this building were attached two immense battering-rams, each requiring a thousand men to work it. This extraordinary construction was to be moved by night as near as possible to the city; it was then to be filled with men, the battering engines were to make wide breaches in the walls, and the whole army was then to pour through those breaches, while the men in the different stories were to drive the defenders from the walls. But the intention as well as the position chosen for the engine had been foreseen by the besieged, and they had already provided against this new and formidable assault. Having excavated the ground under the very place where it was to be fixed, they calmly awaited the issue. No sooner was it planted opposite the walls, and loaded with the necessary burden of men, stones, and weapons, than the ground gave way under it, and in a few moments the whole sunk so far into the earth, as to defy the utmost strength of the whole army to remove it, or render it serviceable.

Demetrius, finding this last effort of his ingenuity abortive, seized a favourable opportunity to raise the siege. The inhabitants were now greatly reduced and exhausted, and were therefore rejoiced to come to terms. Demetrius, though not a little mortified at his failure, yet shewed considerable magnanimity and generosity; for on departing, he gave the Rhodians all the engines and implements he had used in the siege. These, it is related, were of great value, and in fact led to the erection of the Colossus, for when these war engines were all sold, they produced no less a sum than eighty thousand pounds. To this they added something considerable from their own resources, and with the whole accomplished the erection of that extraordinary statue, which made their island one of the most attractive places in the world to the curious traveller.

This magnificent work of art was in keeping with the long established celebrity of their city, as surpassing all Greece in the manufacture of brazen statues of the gods. The production of it was a convincing proof of their eminence in this art. It was a brazen statue of their favourite god Apollo, and it is believed to have been fixed across the harbour's mouth, so that shipping passed under its legs. The artist who formed it was named Chares, of the city of Lindus, and a pupil of Lysippus. Its height was one hundred and five feet, and the thumb could scarcely be surrounded by the arms of the largest man. Within the legs and body, a winding staircase ascended to the head, from which the shores of Syria could be seen by the help of glasses. Chares was occupied twelve years in its construction. This colossal statue became, both for its size and its singular situation, one of the seven wonders of the world;—a splendid monument, indeed, of the art which could design and execute it, and a proud memorial of the resources and skill of the people who could withstand, and finally defeat, so formidable a siege.

It might have remained to perpetuate these facts to remote ages, but for an earthquake, which laid it prostrate on the ground, about sixty-six years after its erection. This misfortune, as may well be supposed, was not limited to the Colossus. The city, and indeed the whole island, was so injured by it, that the image was never reared again. Large contributions were, however, given towards this object through all the cities of Greece. But the inhabitants of Rhodes appropriated them to their own use, under the pretext that the oracle of Apollo was unwilling to have the statue again erected. It is not improbable that they had by this time lost their ambition, and that they found the restoration of the image a more difficult undertaking than its first formation. It, therefore, remained for many centuries in the position to which the earthquake had reduced it. About nine hundred years after its overthrow, the Saracens, who were then in possession of the city, sold it to a Jew of Edessa, who broke it up, and loaded nine hundred camels with the metal, the worth of which was estimated at thirty-six thousand pounds sterling.

The inhabitants of Rhodes were famous among the classic writers, for their incantations, soothsayings, and similar superstitions. They also obtained a high celebrity for many excellent and useful arts, among which are mentioned the smelting of iron, and other metals, the casting of statues, &c. They were also cultivators of the fine arts. But their highest renown has arisen from the laws of maritime intercourse among commercial nations, which are said to have been adopted in their own day by all Greece, to have been thence introduced into the Roman code, and from that people have descended to modern nations, and form at the present time the basis of maritime and commercial regulations among the nations of Europe.

It is highly probable that so renowned and commercial an island was early visited by Christian missionaries. St. Paul touched at it in his journey from Ephesus to Jerusalem, mentioned Acts xxi. 1. His stay was, probably, too short to admit of intercourse with any Christian brethren who might be there. But it is certain that on the same journey he met with disciples at many adjacent places evidently inferior to Rhodes. Whatever was its situation at this early period, as to the blessing of Christian instruction, of this we are sure, that it soon became the seat of a Christian church. It was the residence of an archbishop; and when the Saracens took it, in the seventh century, it contained a professedly Christian population. The knights of the order of St. John were here established under a grand-master, who had a palace in Rhodes before that order was settled at Malta. It is stated by some authors, that the knights of Jerusalem recovered it from the Saracens in 1309, but that it was recaptured by the Turks, who still continue in possession of it. The Greeks, its original inhabitants, are now restricted to the miserable suburbs, with all other Christians; Jews and Turks alone dwell in the city. The palace of the grand-master of the knights is still shown, though greatly dilapidated by time and the poverty of the people. Niebuhr visited it, and states that "it contains many noble old buildings, some of which are decorated with the armorial bearings of some of the most ancient families in Europe. The Turks neglect the fortifications, although they might know their importance from having besieged the island so long before they could make themselves masters of it."—*Travels*, vol. p. 26.

There is reason to hope that the modern version of the Greek Bible has already found an entrance into their ancient city, and that it will prove a light to the oppressed and degraded Greeks.

MAY MUSIC.

“The time of the singing of birds is come.”—CANT.

LITTLE minstrel of the spring,
Rest awhile thy fluttering wing,
Come and teach me how to sing !
I would wake the harp of love,
I would all its sweetness prove,
Come and teach the wires to move !
Whence hast thou that balmy note
Which in melody doth float,
Bearing with it to the ear
Thoughts of love in sounds as clear
As if every silver tone
Had some meaning of its own ?
Flutterer ! rest thy weary wing,
Come and teach me how to sing.

Swiftly on the minstrel passed,
Nor a look behind him cast ;
Yet as sighed the evening breeze
Through the scarcely budding trees,
Lighter than the wild bee's wing
Came a gentle murmuring ;

Dulcet accents, low and clear,
Fell upon the listening ear ;
I can give the *words* alone,
Fancy must supply the *tone*.—

“ Oh, my music hath a source
Which no mortal eye may see ;
Can ye trace affection's course ?
Can ye bind hope's wanderings free ?
Then may the well-spring deep
Whence these wild warblings flow
In the broad sunlight sleep ;—
Then my secret ye may know !

“ Deep as hides each dearest feeling
Within the heart's recess,
Unto none the fount revealing
Of its gushing tenderness ;
So deep within my heart
Lies the source of melody ;
Wouldst thou in my song bear part,
Then let love thy teacher be !”

Happy flutterer ! might I be
Sharer but in half thy glee,—
Yet not so, for gifts are mine,
Higher, holier far than thine :
Thou hast now a sunny hour,
Hailing every opening flower,
For within each painted bell
Fresh, untold enjoyments dwell,
And thy spring-tide prospects bright,
Traced in many a line of light,

Fair and beautiful they shine,—
Mirth and song may well be thine !
Yet time steals these joys away,
So beneath noon's fervid ray,
From morn's glittering coronal,
One by one the dewdrops fall.

And on nature's face I look
As upon an open book ;
Earth, and sea, and sky are there,
Lovely, glorious, and fair :
Spring in green unsullied robe
Clothes this bright and beauteous globe ;
Summer sees that mantle fair,
And 'broiders many a flow'ret there ;
Golden Autumn next appears,
And a varied hue it wears ;
Then by snowy Winter's hand,
Robed in white the mountains stand :
Thus the seasons pass away,
All are fair, but none may stay ;—
Years are fleeting ; time shall be
When the earth, the sky, the sea,
All their times and seasons o'er,
Shall be beautiful no more :
Yet a voice is heard from heaven,
And a glorious hope is given ;
They who trust that mighty word
Shall behold a world restored ;
They, redeemed and saved, shall view
Heaven and earth created new.

Happy they, and they alone,
Who this "glorious hope" have known,
Present joys to them will tell
Of bliss unknown, invisible;
Bliss with which they shall ere long
Join that new and glorious song
Taught by Him whose changeless love
Tunes the golden harps above!

May, 1836.

E. M. I.

THE WHITE HORSE OF HANOVER.

MONARCH of Britain, Ruler of the sea,
Proud streams thy meteor-banner o'er the wave,
Man, and the elements alike to brave
Appearing. On thine island throne, to thee
Peoples, and kings, and nations bow the knee,
From where the Arctic billows wildly rave
Round utmost Thule, to the seas which lave
The torrid shores of India's monarchy.
Was it of thee in Patmos prophesied,
That, armed with power, and girded with a sword,
Thou on the horse of victory shouldst ride,
While earth's far confines owned her sovereign Lord?
Or was there meant a mightier e'en than thou,
Before whose name both this, and Heaven's bright world,
must bow?

F. R. C.

MOSCOW.

ACCORDING to the description given by Dr. Henderson, in his *Biblical Researches*, this celebrated city is divided into five quarters, or circular parts. 1. The *Krem'l*, or fortress, which is constructed on an elevation in the very centre of the city, and contains the ancient palace of the Tzars, the patriarchial residence, the senate-house, the arsenal, and a vast assemblage of churches, crowded together within a small space. 2. *Kitai-górod*, which forms a kind of oblong square on the east side of the *Krem'l*, and is principally filled with magazines, bazaars, shops, &c. It also contains the printing-office of the Holy Synod, a Greek monastery, and several ancient churches and chapels. 3. *Beloi-górod*, containing the University, Bank, Post-office, Mint, Foundry, the Foundling and other hospitals, and the best-looking streets and houses in the whole city. In this division stands the house of the Bible Society, being presented by his Imperial majesty in 1817. It is most conveniently situated in one of the principal streets leading to the *Krem'l*, and the busy scene of mercantile occupation. This house was formerly that of the State Inquisition; and it is a singular fact, that one of the servants of the Society, now resident in it, was, during a long succession of years, immured in one of its cells. 4. *Zemlianai-górod*, which comprises upwards of sixty churches, with a number of palaces and convents, the public cemeteries, &c. 5. *Slobodi*, the slobodes, or suburbs, and quarters inhabited by German and Tartar settlers. They also contain hospitals, barracks, and monasteries in considerable numbers. The whole is surrounded by an earthen rampart, called the *Kammer Kalleshskoivall*, in which are not fewer than fourteen gates, forming so many entrances to the city. Each division has anciently been defended by a wall; but in modern times, and more especially since the French era, the walls have fallen into



A. G. Vickers.

24. 1861.

THE CHURCH OF THE MARY OF THE MOUNTAIN.

A view of the church from the harbor.

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decay ; and it is likely that, in the course of a short time, the three outer divisions will entirely coalesce, and leave the Krem'l, with its massy walls and turrets, to perpetuate the memory of the far-famed residence of the Patriarchs and Tzars.

The population varies according to the season of the year. In summer, the usual number of inhabitants does not exceed 260,000 ; but in winter, when the nobility and landed proprietors repair to town, with their numerous train of servants and dependents, it falls little short of 300,000.

The provision made for the intellectual improvement of the Russian and foreign youth residing in Moscow and the adjacent country, is worthy of the imperial munificence from which it emanates. At the university not fewer than forty professors and lecturers are supported, who are divided into four faculties, and deliver lectures on moral philosophy, political economy, natural history, mathematics, medicine, and the liberal arts. To the university is attached a library, which was entirely consumed in the fire of 1812, but again contains upwards of 8000 volumes, anatomical and veterinary lecture-rooms, an interesting cabinet of natural curiosities, a chemical laboratory, and a botanical garden. In connection with the direction of these institutions, are also an academy for the children of the nobility, a gymnasium, and a seminary for preparing teachers of schools. There exist, besides, several learned societies, an excellent medico-surgical academy, a spiritual academy, and a seminary for the sons of the clergy. The hospitals are of the first order ; that founded by the late Princess Galitzin cost not less than 800,000 rubles, or about £32,000.

Speaking of the prospects spread before them at one of the places they visited, Dr. Henderson observes :—

“ From *Ivan Veliki* we commanded a view of the city the most extensive and picturesque imaginable. Beneath our feet lay the *Krem'l*, with its two-and-thirty churches ; the magnificent edifices before described, and the ancient palace of the tzars, with its numerous domes and spires, which, together with

those of the cathedral, shone with the most dazzling splendour. From the west flowed the *Moskva*, forming a beautiful curve in front of the Krem'l, and again pursuing its course amidst innumerable churches and spires, till lost in the distance; while all around us lay scattered a prodigious number of edifices, in all the various styles of Asiatic and European architecture."

The gate leading from the *Krem'l* to *Kitai-górod*, is called "The Holy Gate," and is singular from the custom, that every person going in or out must pass with his head uncovered. It is reported to have originated in a vow made by Ivan Vasilievitch, on the subjugation of the Tartar kingdom of Kajan.

The edifice, of which a representation is given at the head of the present notice, is the cathedral church of Vasili Blagennoi (St. Basil the Blessed). It is described by a traveller who visited it during the past year, as "standing at the eastern end of the principal square in Moscow, called by the Russians, the Krasnoi Plostchud, between the walls of the Kremlin and the Kitai-Gorod. It was built by the czar Ivan Vasilivitch, surnamed the Terrible, in commemoration of a victory over the prince of Kazan, and the taking of Kazan itself. It dates from 1550, was repaired and ornamented by Fedor Ivanovitch in 1684, and again by Katherine II. in 1784. The design was copied from the buildings of the Tartars, and when finished was esteemed as unrivalled by the Russians; but the architect was dissatisfied with his reward, and boasted that he would, in another country, build one that should eclipse it in splendour; at this the czar was so enraged, that he ordered him to be thrown into prison, and his eyes put out—which was done. The towers, of which there are seven, are unequal in height, and contain each a separate church; these are united by a number of galleries of different characters and extent, there being scarcely any two parts of the building which agree in point of architecture. The pile is of brick and stone mixed, and painted over all.

The effect in some of the churches is very peculiar. The masses of gold, silver, and jewels which surround them, enriched

and enhanced in value by the sombre light of the very small windows, with the priests splendidly habited, and often very noble-looking men, engaged in the service of their church, form a very interesting picture. The interior of the centre, or principal church, the highest tower in the building, and dedicated to the protection of the Holy Virgin, is more singular, though not so richly ornamented as the others; it is, below, an octagon of about thirty feet, decreasing to the top in height of above a hundred; the only light, a few small windows in the spire, so that the lower portion is enveloped in gloom, faintly illuminated here and there by candles burning before the holy pictures: service is performed here only on high festivals. The bell-tower is detached from the main body, as in the Italian churches, and indeed often in Russia. This church, or rather assemblage of churches, presents an interesting though extravagant whole, and is, for the quaint and grotesque variety of the architecture and ornaments, equalled by few, if any, in Europe.

In the plate already noticed, to the right of centre is the cathedral of Vasili Blagennoi; the tower farthest to the right being the bell-tower, the highest that of the principal church, surmounted by a cross, which some say is of pure gold; the domes are of wood covered with copper. In the centre, at a distance, is a part of the Gustini Dvor, or Bugaun; the buildings to the left are towers of the Kremlin wall, that nearest the eye being the north-east angle; the farthest and highest is the Holy Gate, or Gate of the Saviour, which is held in great reverence, and in passing before or through which, every one, whether Russian or foreigner, must be uncovered, or in default of which their hats are confiscated by the sentinel. In front, on a raft, are two of the prutchki, or washerwomen, at work, and a market boat, with peasants eating stchee, or cabbage soup, which, with black bread, forms a common dinner for the Moojcks.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

BY AN IRISH CLERGYMAN.

ALONE, in that still midnight hour,
When gloom involved the mountain round him,
And hell's dark spirits given the power,
As they had long the will, to wound him.
The strength which heaven supplied withdrawn,
What wonder that his frame should languish,
Aware that morn's approaching dawn
Must rise on its commencing anguish ?

Deserted by the world he came
To save, which o'er his woes exulted.
Ordained to die the death of shame,
By those for whom he died insulted,
His Father's smile withdrawn from him,
And his few heedless followers sleeping,
What marvel if his eyes grew dim
And his lorn soul went wild with weeping.

The dateless sins of centuries past,
The countless crimes of unborn ages,
Upon his burthen'd shoulders cast,
To bear through torture's lingering stages ;
To be by one false friend betray'd,
Just e'er another has denied him,
While none remain to lend their aid
Or stand in death's dark hour beside him.

All these and many a wilder woe,
Dark phantoms of unknown existence,
Came crowding round, above, below,
And gathering in the gloomy distance,
Till from his bent brow pour'd the blood,
Down on the stainless soil before him,
Even though the pitying angel stood
And waved his wings of healing o'er him.

Man ! durst thou after *this* complain,
And weary Heaven with wild repining
That thou hast felt some passing pain
And seen some rainbow hope declining ?
Know, that, whatever griefs came o'er,
Whatever pangs misfortune gave thee,
He suffered *then* ten thousand more,
And gladly suffered all to save thee.

R. C.

THE TWO KINGS OF ISRAEL;

OR,

THE HEART AND THE HEAD.

THE heart and the head are words which have obtained, by the general usage of society, a meaning so entirely distinct from their literal signification, that it must be perfectly intelligible to modern understandings, when we speak of the head as the seat of intellect, and of the heart as that of affection. The writer has, therefore, little hesitation in proceeding upon the supposition, that she will not be considered as expressing herself too vaguely, when she endeavours to describe the importance of engaging the heart in matters of religion.

All who are in the habit of reflecting must have perceived the immense difference between the conviction of reason, and the conviction of feeling. We are convinced by reason when we exercise this faculty upon nature, and then "from nature, up to nature's God," when we argue from the works of creation in favour of a great First Cause; and when, in examining the evidences of revealed religion, we assure ourselves that it requires more credulity to doubt, than to believe. We are convinced by feeling, when we see how the darkest visitations of calamity work together for good to the children of men; when our own particular portion of bitterness is sweetened by a hand unseen; and sometimes, in our most susceptible moments, when

the power, the benignity, and the love of a heavenly Father come upon us, we know not how, with such overwhelming force, that we bow in voluntary prostration of soul before the awful presence of an omnipotent God.

Far be it from me to maintain that the impress of feeling is *all* that is required for the foundation of a religious character; but that it is required we have the evidence of every day, as well in our own experience, as in the conduct of mankind in general. For few there are who do not *know*, in these enlightened times, what ought to be the great fundamental purpose of man's existence. Yet who can say that he *feels* daily and hourly present with him the full conviction of the necessity of living in such a way, as that whatever he does shall be done to the honour and glory of God. The truth is, his heart is not engaged, his affections are not won over, to the service of his heavenly Master; and thus, though he knows what he ought to do, he leaves it undone, because he loves it not.

Much pains are now spent, and very properly, upon the elucidation of Scripture, upon the investigation of grounds of belief, and the settling of individual faith. But after the ablest writings of the most learned authors have been studiously examined, after different texts have been selected, compared, and traced out to the original root of each separate word,—after every difficulty has been overcome, and nothing more is left to doubt, is it not possible for the heart to remain unconvinced?

Again, is it not possible for the simple believer, who has never entered into the various points of faith upon which Christians disagree, nor heard of wrong translations of the Bible, or interpolated texts, so to trust in the words of everlasting life, as to walk in the paths of holiness, simply from the love of dwelling near the Fountain of eternal peace?

We have no instance on record better calculated to illustrate the difference between the worship of the Heart, and the worship of the Head, than that exemplified by the two kings of Israel, David and Solomon.

We find that David was by no means free from the errors to which human nature is liable, and yet how truly it might be said of him, that "his heart was with God." For, as in cases of mere earthly attachment, we never wilfully offend without feeling the bitterness of compunction, and seeking with tears and with prayers to be reconciled to our friend; so the great king of Israel acknowledged his delinquency, and bowed himself in the dust, with true penitence of soul, suffering all the anguish of remorse, until fully restored to the Divine favour. Even in his first appointment to the throne, when the prophet, knowing that the lot was to fall upon one of the sons of Jesse, fixed his eye on his brother Eliab, and said, "Surely the Lord's anointed is before me;" how emphatic is the reply, "Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature, because I have refused him: for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but *the Lord looketh on the heart.*"

Again, when the prophet Nathan makes that touching appeal, so admirably calculated to convict and subdue the sinner in his self-delusion, how simple and sincere is the confession of David, "I have sinned before the Lord," ere he submits himself to the sentence of offended majesty. In accordance with the leading feature in his character, his reverential affection for his heavenly Father, is the punishment awarded him. The blow falls in the bosom of his family,—he is smitten in his affections—the child of his love is doomed to die. And here we behold and admire the depth of his penitence. Descending from his throne, and casting aside the insignia of royalty, we read in the record

of his life, that David "fasted, and went in, and lay all night upon the earth, beseeching God for the child." What was it to him at that moment, that he was the monarch of a mighty nation, that the fame of his valour was spread abroad in the world, and that his enemies had fallen beneath his sword? He felt that he had sinned before the Lord, and that the life of his innocent child was to be the sacrifice.

The last act of disobedience of which we read that David was guilty, was his numbering the people; when, immediately on learning what a numerous and powerful host awaited his command, to deal mercy or judgment upon the surrounding nations, although to some minds it would have been a moment of proud exultation, we find that David's heart smote him, and he said unto the Lord, "I have sinned greatly in that I have done."

It is a subject of interesting consideration, that when the prophet Gad was subsequently commissioned to offer to his royal master, as a sentence of retributive judgment for the presumptuous act he had committed, his choice of seven years of famine in his land, three months to flee before his enemies, or three days' pestilence amongst his people; while his very soul agonized in the strait to which he confessed himself to be reduced, David shrunk not from the presence of his Maker, but exclaimed, with the simple confidence of a child who knows itself to be chastised in tenderness and love, "Let us fall now into the hand of the Lord, for his mercies are great; and let me not fall into the hand of man."

How strikingly does this entreaty prove, that his affections were yet with the heavenly Father who had led him forth in his youth, a fair-haired stripling, giving him grace to win the hearts of men, and power to defeat the malice of his enemies; who had caused him to lay down the shepherd's crook for the

sword of battle, and the sceptre of royalty ; and who had never forsaken him through all the vicissitudes of his eventful life, because, though tempted like other men, and sometimes led astray, his heart was with the Lord, and his happiness was to do his holy will.

The picture so beautifully and impressively presented to our view in the character of king David, is one of the devotion of the heart ; that which immediately follows in the character of Solomon, is one of the dedication of the intellectual faculties to the highest purpose for which they can be employed.

So far, unquestionably, the son and successor of the shepherd king was right ; but we scarcely read of any single instance of his life denoting that his *affections* were fixed upon his God. We have every reason to suppose, that on first ascending the throne, before his feelings were corrupted by the love of power, combined with the luxuries of a court, he was fully sensible of the supreme beauty of holiness, and sincerely desirous of governing his people according to the statutes of the Most High ; that, feeling the burden of regal responsibility, he was at first humble in his own estimation, and anxious to seek advice in his urgent need from the Fountain of all wisdom ; that he even “ *loved the Lord*, and walked in the statutes of David his father,” we are expressly told : but as there are degrees of love, it seems more than probable that the love of Solomon was not of that deep-devoted nature, that leads to the willing renunciation of every thing which intervenes to separate the heart from its Creator.

Even when the great work of building a house for the Lord was finished—a work requiring eleven years for its completion, though three hundred men were sent monthly to Lebanon for timber, and threescore and ten thousand were

employed merely in bearing burdens—yet Solomon was so little exalted in his own estimation by the magnitude of this performance, executed under the express command of the Most High, that he exclaims, with the sublime simplicity of his own powerful mind, “ But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold, the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house that I have builded!” He then proceeds to call upon the Lord in language as reverential as it is dignified, that his eye may be open towards this house night and day. “ And hearken thou,” he adds, while his soul is still filled with an overwhelming sense of the divine majesty, “ hearken thou to the supplications of thy servant, and of thy people Israel, when they shall pray toward this place: and hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place; and when thou hearest, forgive.”

Can anything be more calculated than the whole of the prayer which follows, to convey a high idea of the wonderful sublimity, extent, and power of the mind from whence it flowed; comprehending, as it does, the various wants and wishes of a vast community of human beings, yet, bestowing upon each so just a proportion of consideration, that it is clearly evident the capacious intellect of the king was equal to taking in the most comprehensive view, not only of the human heart, and of the outward and temporal state of mankind, but of the vast resources opened out to his people by the merciful providence of an omniscient God.

Yet in all this, there is little of the affection of a child for his parent—little of that personal interest in the benign countenance of the Father of light, for which alone his predecessor on the throne appeared to live; and when we compare this solemn dedication of the house of the Lord, to the simple words of David, when he pours forth his heartfelt acknowledgment

for the merciful deliverance and the manifold blessings of his God, we are struck at once with the difference in the state of the affections of the two kings. It was not merely from his sense of the influence of Divine power, as exemplified in the external world, although he has himself borne memorable testimony to this power, in language the most poetical and sublime, that David, in singing his hymn of thanksgiving, calls upon the Lord as his "rock," his "fortress," his "deliverer." He is evidently inspired by a feeling of his immediate presence, while, overpowered with the contemplation of his many mercies in seasons of distress, he exclaims in the fulness of his love and his gratitude, "When the waves of death compassed me, the floods of ungodly men made me afraid; the sorrows of hell compassed me about; the snares of death prevented me; in my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried to my God: and he did hear my voice out of his temple, and my cry did enter into his ears."

We find nothing comparable to this in the language of Solomon—nothing to prove that, in his own personal experience, he had dwelt beneath the shelter of the Almighty arm, and associated the name of his God with the dearest affections of his bosom.

What then is the consequence? Not that, after erring from the path of duty, he humbles himself in the dust as his father David had done, seeking with tears and supplications to be restored to the Divine favour; but that he deviates farther and farther, until, after loving the people of strange countries, with whom the children of Israel were forbidden to hold intercourse, he finally surrenders his heart to strange gods, openly and publicly sacrificing to Astoreth the goddess of the Zidonians; and before the face of his people, whom he had once solemnly called to the worship of the true God, building a high place

for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, and for Moloch the abomination of the children of Ammon.

If other evidence were wanted, it would be abundantly supplied by that most beautiful and affecting description of an aspiring mind, which has vainly tried to find its rest and its felicity on earth, in Ecclesiastes, the words of the Preacher, who had given his heart to know wisdom; who had also known madness and folly; and who had perceived, that in much wisdom is much grief.

Never since the feelings of human nature found utterance in words, has the language of man afforded a more striking illustration of the emptiness of all earthly things, than in the book of Ecclesiastes. We cannot read these astonishing pages without a keen perception of the intense bitterness of soul with which the monarch looked around him, and saw that all he had attained, enjoyed, and gloried in, was but vanity and vexation; that the splendour of his throne was but a waste and a weariness; that beauty had no power to charm away the wounds of the spirit, nor music to beguile the heart of its heaviness. We find from his own description, that he plunged into the centre of luxurious enjoyment, surrounding himself with all that can minister to human desire; that he gave himself unto mirth, and to wine, and yet acquainted his heart with wisdom, so that he fell not beneath the level of a dignified and intellectual man. We are rather led to suppose that his expansive mind was sent forth to its utmost range, that it might bring home fresh means of felicity, and establish the temple he was mentally dedicating to the god of this world, upon a firmer foundation. Beyond this, for we are never told that Solomon was actuated by any selfish or narrow views, he informs us, that his great endeavour was to lay hold

on folly, that he might see what was that good for the sons of men, that they should do under the heaven all the days of their life; thus extending his desires beyond the sphere of his own enjoyment, far into the principles of happiness and misery. For the sake of following out these principles upon an extensive scale, far more than for any momentary gratification, he appears to have made the fatal experiment of proving his own heart with pleasure, of making great works, and building houses, and planting vineyards, and gardens, and orchards; of obtaining great possessions of servants and cattle, above all that had been known before in Jerusalem; of gathering into his household silver and gold, and the peculiar treasures of kings; and men-singers, and women-singers, and all the delights of the sons of men.

And what was the end? A conviction that all was vanity, and vexation of spirit! Yes; when this mighty monarch sat upon the throne of Israel, with suppliant thousands ministering to his gratification, with princes at his feet, and beauty presenting the cup of intoxication to his lips; while the eyes of wondering nations were upon him, and such the luxury of his court, that the very atmosphere in which he lived combined the odour of incense with the perpetual melody of praise; how flat, how wearisome, how profitless, became the splendour of that court, simply because it offered nothing to supply the cravings of a heart so richly calculated to appreciate and enjoy the blessedness of a holier life!

A mind less highly gifted than that of Solomon, might not have felt so deeply the burden of its own disappointments and vexations. The spirit that is formed to take the highest upward flight, always experiences the most lamentable downward fall. One impulse of genuine affection, directed to the Giver of every

good—one effort of the heart to return to its first love—one tear of true penitence—would have brought the royal reasoner nearer to the Fountain of real happiness than all his possessions, his wisdom, and his power.

ON THE AUSONIA BUTTERFLY FLYING OVER
THE SUMMIT OF MONT BLANC.

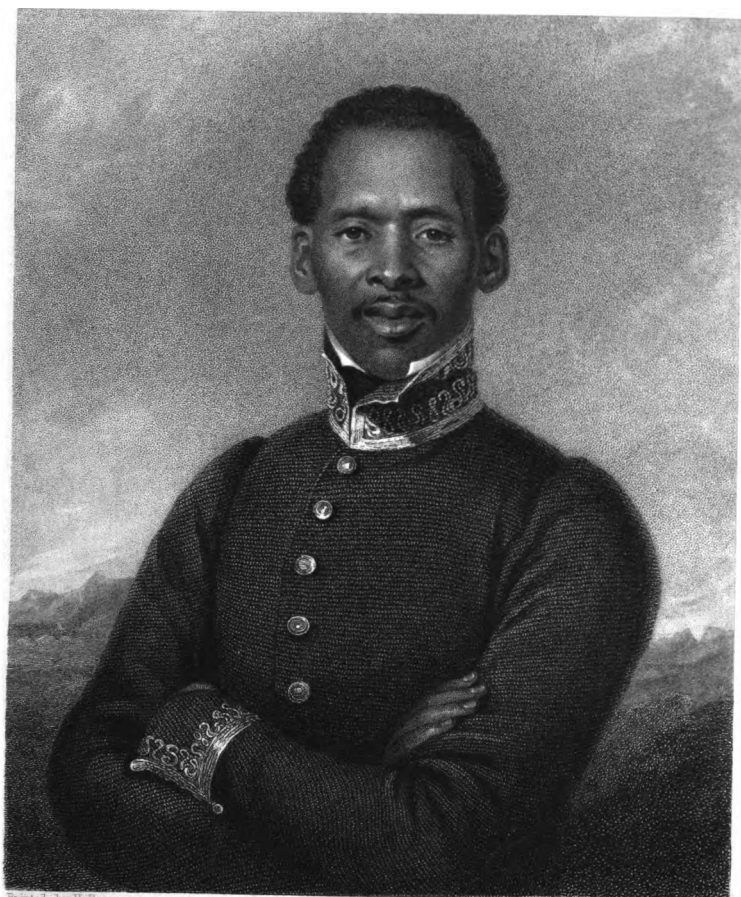
BY MRS. JOSIAH CONDER.

WHAT charm unknown the splendid flutterer drew,
To scale those ice-throned pinnacles, whose height
Outsoars the storm ? Could not his radiant flight
Be lured by all the odorous wreaths that strew
The flowery plains, and breathe Italian light,—
The bridal blooms that ever dress anew
The grove's green constancy with favours bright,
Or Alpine gentian wearing Heaven's own blue ?
Not these, bright fugitive ! thy wing could stay ;
Nor check its course, the terrors of the way ;
The torrent's frozen fall, the abyss of snow,
Or thundering avalanche. Its grosser clay
Thine airy form hath left far, far below,
And, like the imprisoned soul, flies upward to the day.

JAN TZATZOE.

WHEN Islamism was established in the north of Africa, the pagan inhabitants of the south-eastern borders of the same continent were called Kafirs. The word Kafir, unknown among the people whom it is employed to designate, is of Arabic origin, signifying unbeliever, or infidel, and in this sense it was applied by the natives in the northern parts of Africa, to those tribes in the south, who had not submitted to the arms and the creed of the Prophet of Mecca. In recent times the term has been employed by Europeans to designate the tribes inhabiting the regions bordering on the south-eastern coast of Africa, between the original country of the Hottentots, now the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and that of the Zoolas, extending towards Port Natal, and Delagoa Bay. These people, sometimes called the Caffre nation, (with exactly the same propriety as the Chinese authorities continue, notwithstanding all our indignation and remonstrances, to call the English the barbarian nation,) include three chief divisions, or tribes. The Amaponda, the Amatembu, and the Amakosæ.

According to Pringle and others, the Caffres are a tall, athletic, and handsome race of men, with features often approaching to the European or Asiatic model; and, excepting their woolly hair, exhibiting few of the peculiarities of the negro race. Their colour is a clear dark brown. Their address is frank, cheerful, and manly. Their government is patriarchal;



Painted by H. Room.

Engraved by W. Roll.

Jan Tzatzoe

and his wife, who were the first to be baptized.

and the privileges of rank are carefully maintained by the chieftains. Their principal wealth and means of subsistence consist in their numerous herds of cattle. The females also cultivate, pretty extensively, maize, millet, water-melons, and a few other esculents; but the men are decidedly a nation of herdsmen—war, hunting, barter, and agriculture being only occasional occupations.”

The Amakosæ are our immediate neighbours, the boundary of our colony having not only been extended to their country, but large tracts of the latter have been taken from them, and given to the colonists. The Amakosæ tribe, which is supposed to include not fewer than 120,000 souls, is composed of a number of distinct and smaller tribes. Among these is the *Teenda*, amounting to about 2,000, of which Jan Tzatzoe is the hereditary chief. His father, who has always been held in high estimation by the other chiefs, for his integrity and peaceable disposition, as well as for the good order so uniformly maintained among his people, is still living, but is supposed to be nearly one hundred years of age, and has long been too feeble to take any share in the government of his people.

The old chief was related to Hakabi, the grandfather of Gaika, and consequently belongs to the ancient reigning families of the country.

Jan Tzatzoe, the subject of the present notice, was born on the eastern banks of the Kieskama river. About the year 1791, while Jan was yet a child, his father removed, with his tribe, into the Zuurveld, and built his huts near the little Zwart Kops river, where the old chief and his people were residing, when the London Missionary Society's Institution at Bethelsdorp, was established. According to the custom of the country, the old chief had several wives, and by one of these an elder son; but as the mother of Tzatzoe was a woman of the highest

rank among them, and a great favourite, the father determined that he should succeed him in the chieftainship of the tribe; and in order to secure for him every possible advantage, he requested Dr. Vanderkemp and Mr. Read, the missionaries at Bethelsdorp, to receive him into their house, teach him the language of white men, and the arts of civilized life. It was with this view that young Tzatzoe became a member of the Missionary Institution at Bethelsdorp, in the year 1804. He was supposed to be about thirteen years of age, and, though an unclothed, untutored African boy, he evinced a mildness and docility of disposition, a patient endurance of the restraints which his altered circumstances imposed, and a persevering application to his lessons, which greatly endeared him to his teachers. The venerable Dr. Vanderkemp, who had long mourned over the injustice and cruelty practised towards the African race, received his young pupil with the most grateful joy,—loved him, and treated him as his own child, and spared no pains, while engaged in teaching him the use of letters, and a knowledge of the Dutch language, to instil into his mind the principles of truth and justice, while he sought to impress upon his heart the sublime doctrines of the Bible. On two occasions the Doctor took his industrious and observant scholar with him to Cape Town, and endeavoured by every means in his power to prepare him to discharge, with greatest benefit to his race, the duties to which in future years he would be called.

In the year 1815, a remarkable attention to personal religion prevailed among all classes at Bethelsdorp; and during this period there is reason to believe that Tzatzoe, then about twenty-four years of age, experienced, by the influence of the Holy Spirit, that entire change in his views and feelings, which rendered him a sincere and decided Christian. In him, as in most instances among the heathen, one immediate effect of the

participation of Divine mercy, was a desire to make the salvation of Christ known to his countrymen, and he was extremely anxious to proceed to his native land, whither his father and people had returned some years before. But his intentions were frustrated by the Colonial government, which at that time prohibited any individuals entering Caffre-land as missionaries. Hoping for better days, Jan sought to improve the period of his continuance at Bethelsdorp, with greater diligence than ever, and from higher motives; and in order to promote, by every possible means, the improvement of his countrymen, he continued to apply himself to the most useful mechanical arts, and learned to work in wood as a carpenter and wheelwright, and also to work in iron and stone. About this time he entered the marriage relation with a pious female of the Hottentot nation, who had long been connected with the Institution at Bethelsdorp. In the following year, when, in consequence of events affecting the safety of the Colony, the government at the Cape allowed missionaries to proceed to Caffreland, Tzatzoe accompanied that eminently devoted and honoured man of God, Mr. Williams, to the neighbourhood of Gaika's residence, and continued with him till the lamented death of Mr. Williams interrupted the Caffre Mission. And short as was the period of their residence among the people, the influence of the Mission was decisive and important, and the memory of the missionary is cherished with veneration by the people, even to the present day.

In 1817, when Lord Charles Somerset, at that time Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, visited the frontier, and entered into a treaty with Gaika, the chief of the tribes inhabiting the country adjacent to the Kat River, Tzatzoe was present, and acted as interpreter. He afterwards returned to Bethelsdorp, and was chosen by the people one of the local authorities for hear-

ing complaints, and adjusting differences among the inhabitants of the place. His conduct, in discharging the duties of this office, which has ever been found of great importance to the harmony and order of the settlement, was distinguished by great shrewdness, and the most scrupulous adherence to integrity and justice.

Tzatzoe continued at Bethelsdorp until 1817, when he accompanied the Rev. Mr. Brownlee to his own country, and rendered him important services in the commencement of missions among the people in that neighbourhood. He also, shortly afterwards, rendered very valuable aid to the Rev. W. Shaw, Wesleyan missionary, in the establishment of the mission station designated Wesleyville, and Mr. Shaw has frequently expressed his deep sense of obligation to Tzatzoe for the advantages derived from his assistance and advice, especially in the early stages of his labours among the Caffres.

Tatzoe's aged father, who had long been anxious for the establishment of a mission in his own territory, now repeated his solicitations to his son, and to the agents of the London Missionary Society, requesting, that, though his tribe was inferior, in point of numbers, to some others, they might be favoured with the benefit of instruction in the principles of religion, and the arts of civilized life. In compliance with his request, the mission at the Buffalo river was commenced in 1826 by Mr. Brownlee, aided by Tzatzoe, who has ever since resided at the station, acting as an assistant missionary under the London Missionary Society. In this capacity his exertions have been peculiarly acceptable and valuable. His knowledge of the opinions, habits, and superstitions of his countrymen have afforded important facilities in exposing their errors, and instructing them in a more excellent way; and he has been employed with great advantage in preaching the gospel, and

assisting in the translation of the Scriptures into his native language. While Tzatzoe was occupied in assisting the missionaries, the duties connected with the civil affairs of his tribe were discharged, at his own request, by an elder brother ; but Tzatzoe was held in high estimation by the other chiefs of the nation, and frequently consulted in matters of importance ; such, in fact, was the influence of his acknowledged integrity and justice, that the subjects of other chiefs often mutually requested him to decide matters in dispute between them. The missionary, by whom these notices are supplied, was once present when two Caffres appeared before the young chief, each claiming as their own a colt they led to the place. In support of their claims, each stated that he was in possession of the dam of the colt. Having listened to their respective statements, Tzatzoe directed them to bring both the animals, and then ordered the colt to be let loose before all the people. This was no sooner done, than it repaired to one of the animals, by which it was immediately recognized, and treated with expressions of evident pleasure ; while it was unnoticed by the other animal, which it also seemed to avoid. The dispute was now at an end, and all parties appeared pleased at the manner in which the proprietorship in the animal was so satisfactorily determined. When the late disastrous war broke out between the Caffres and the colonists, Tzatzoe successfully exerted his influence to restrain his tribe from joining their countrymen in entering the colony ; and afterwards, when called to assist the colonial government, led his men, four hundred in number, to the field, where he continued with the British forces till peace was made with the Caffres, when, on his return, he found the lands of his tribe in the occupancy of his friends, the colonial forces, who had taken possession of his house, and the grounds, which he had stocked with fruit-trees, and brought under

cultivation ; thus depriving him of the fruits of the labours of many years, and obliging him again to begin the formation of his settlement in the uncultivated wilderness.

Speaking of this chief, one of the missionaries in Caffreland, by whom he is well known, thus writes :—

“Tzatzoe possesses considerable talent ; his addresses are pointed and powerful, and always command the attention of his hearers. As a preacher, his perfect knowledge of the Caffre character, and his acquaintance with their customs, give him an advantage which few Europeans can attain in preaching to Caffres. But the tact which he displays in combating Caffre prejudices and superstition, is really surprising. I have often listened with delight and astonishment to his discourses, which are so full, so simple, and yet so powerful. The ease, too, with which he can effectually arrest the attention of his countrymen is matter of admiration. Here is a specimen of the great power of God, in reclaiming a savage, and making him an instrument in reclaiming others.”

During his residence in South Africa, the late lamented Thomas Pringle visited the Missionary station at the Buffalo river, and has left the following record of his visit :—

A rugged mountain, round whose summit proud,
The eagle sailed, or heaved the thunder-cloud,
Poured, from its cloven breast, a gurgling brook,
Which down the grassy glades its journey took ;
Oft bending round, to lave, with rambling tide,
The groves of evergreen on either side.
Fast by this stream, where yet its course was young,
And stooping from the heights, the forest flung
A grateful shadow o'er the narrow dell,
Appeared the Missionary's hermit cell.
Woven of wattled boughs, and thatched with leaves,
The sweet wild jasmine clustering to its eaves,

It stood, with its small casement gleaming through,
Between two ancient cedars ; round it grew
Clumps of acacias and young orange bowers,
Pomegranate hedges, gay with scarlet flowers ;
And pale-stemmed fig-trees, with their fruit yet green,
And apple blossoms waving light between.
All musical it seemed with humming bees,
And bright-plumed sugar-birds among the trees
Fluttered, like living blossoms.

In the shade

Of a grey rock, that midst the leafy glade
Stood like a giant sentinel, we found
The habitant of this fair spot of ground—
A plain, tall Scottish man, of thoughtful mien ;
Grave, but not gloomy. By his side was seen
An ancient chief of Amakosa's race,
With javelin armed, for conflict or for chase ;
And seated at their feet, upon the sod,
A youth was reading from the Word of God,
Of Him who came for sinful men to die,
Of every race and tongue beneath the sky.

Unnoticed, towards them we softly stept,
Our friend was rapt in prayer—the warrior wept,
Leaning upon his hand : the youth read on ;
And then we hailed the group—the Chieftain's son,
Training to be his country's Christian guide—
And Brownlee, and old Tshatshu, by his side.

THE DEATH OF THE LAST CHILD.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE, A. M.

FAREWELL, my young blossom !

The fairest, the fleetest :

The pride of my bosom,

The last—and the sweetest !

On thee my heart centred

All hopes earth could cherish :

The spoiler hath entered,

And thou, too, must perish !

I see thy bloom wasting,

And cannot restore it ;

The end now is hasting—

'Tis vain to deplore it.

Could prayers detain thee,

As pale thou art lying,

I would not enchain thee

To live ever-dying !

To linger—to languish—

That life may be sorrow :

Through the night pain and anguish ;

No rest on the morrow.

Oh, soon may deep slumber

In mercy steal o'er thee !

Earth can but encumber,

And Heaven is before thee !

O loveliest! — O dearest !

When anguish oppressed thee,

My arm still was nearest,

My prayer still hath blessed thee !

But now all is ended :
How welcome that sighing !
My prayer hath ascended,
'Tis heard !—She is dying !

My God ! I adore Thee !
Receive the freed spirit
In gladness before Thee,
A crown to inherit ;
Take the gem that Thou gavest ;
Take the flower Thou dost sever ;
Take the soul that Thou savest :—
It is Thine—and for ever !

THE AIR ORCHIS.

BY MRS. JOSIAH CONDER.

PLANT of ethereal birth !
Too exquisitely wrought
For aliment of earth,
Thy rootless garland, fraught
With breath of Heaven, ruled by mysterious laws,
Its secret life from viewless fountains draws.

Bright emblem of the soul,
That lives on the unseen ;
Surmounting all control
And power of things terrene.
Unearthly flower, fed by a heavenly ray !
Thus would we live as children of the day.

M A L T A.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL SHERIDAN WILSON.

THE island of Malta, celebrated as the scene of St. Paul's shipwreck, and rendered notable by its having been, for nearly four centuries, occupied by the soldier monks of St. John, was anciently called Melita, a name traceable to its honey, one of the products for which it is still famous. The Greeks named it Melita; the Arabs, Malta. Some say it was so denominated in honour of the nymph Melita, daughter of Doris and Nereus; and those versed in the Syrian language derive the word Melita from Mylith, which means Juno among the Syrians, and probably the same amongst the Phœnicians. By Ptolemy it is considered an African island; by Pliny, as a part of Europe. It lies sixty miles from Cape Passero in Sicily, and two hundred from Calipia, the nearest African point; being $33^{\circ} 40''$ E. longitude, and $35^{\circ} 26''$ latitude north of the equator.

It was early on a Sabbath morning, in January, 1819, that Mrs. W. and myself first set our feet on this interesting rock, with an ulterior view to Greece.

The medium width of Malta is about eighteen miles, and since three diameters make the circle, its circumference amounts to fifty-four miles. For its size, it is the most populous place, perhaps, in Europe, or the world,—containing about 80,000 souls. Notable, where stands a church dedicated to Paul, was its ancient capital; Valetta its modern one. Of this city, in which I myself resided, the foundations were laid in 1566 by



S. PONT.

DESIGNED FROM A PHOTO BY LIEUT. H. A. L. IN 1860.

THE MARINA OF VALLETTA, MALTA.

H. L. L.

John de Valette, Grand Master of the Order of St. John. Its population is 30,000, and the city is remarkably clean. The streets, like those of ancient Babylon, intersect each other at right angles. The climate is, from April to October, extremely hot, exhibiting a medium temperature of about 80 degrees during about eighteen hours of the natural day. The island is literally a rock of magnesia limestone. Its produce, from soil said to have been imported from Sicily, is cotton, oranges, and corn. Its staple, however, is cotton.

The 100,000 souls inhabiting Malta, and its sister island of Gozo, the supposed isle of Calypso, and anciently named Ogygia, exhibit, among some virtues, the usual vices and deformities of fallen human nature. A mingled race of Phœnicians, Saracens, Italians, and other nations, they present the vices and virtues of their pagan ancestors. Papal superstition and ghostly tyranny give their peculiar hue to the character of the people. Under the dominion of the knights, they became brave to a degree: the higher ranks are polite and pacific; the lower orders are ingenious and dishonest. Intelligent piety, such as the gospel inculcates, would render these people great, good, and happy; but popery is at present dominant here. Owing to their ancestry and climate, their colour is darker than the Italian, yet fairer than that of the Barbary tribes. Their language is a corrupt dialect of the Arabic, with numerous adjections from the Italian. The present language of the courts is English, but few of the natives understand it. Italian, as the key to the Levant, is their commercial tongue, in which the respectable are generally well versed. The titles of the noblesse are derived from the feudal times and the crusades; to which, however, the English have added an order of knighthood—that of St. Michael and St. George. Of the property of the island, one-third is said to be in the hands of the church. The

convents and nunneries are mournfully numerous, while monastic and priestly habits meet the eye at every turn. The dissonant and almost incessant twang of the bells forms one of the chief annoyances of the island, especially on church festivals, whose number and pomp tend to impoverish the natives and dignify the priesthood.

It appears from the veverable author of the Iliad, that the earliest inhabitants of this rock were the Phæacians. They are fabulously regarded as giants, and a ruin still exists, not far from my residence, called the Giant's Tower. In 1519 before the Incarnation, the Phœnicians took the island, and held it four hundred and forty-eight years; after which they were expelled by the Greeks,—these by the warlike inhabitants of Carthage, and the latter in their turn yielded to the Romans in the first Punic war, when Attilus took possession of the place. It was during their occupation that the holy apostle Paul was cast upon these shores, in the reign of Tiberius; and the creek where he was stranded, retains the name of St. Paul's Bay. The first time I visited this creek was in 1820, when I killed a serpent near the spot where the blessed man shook one from his hand. Paul planted a church here. One, ten minutes' walk from my house, still bears the name of St. Publius, the individual named in the Acts of the Apostles, chapter xxviii. Alas! the gospel introduced by St. Paul has been long supplanted by "another gospel." Rome has laid her withering hand on the once pure church of Malta, and replaced its truth by a system of paganism baptized with a christian name.

The Maltese fell under the dominion of the celebrated knights of St. John in 1516, who, had their purity equalled their achievements in arms, might yet have retained the valued possession. Driven from Rhodes by the Turks, Charles the Vth ceded Malta to the Order, who held it upwards of three

hundred and sixty years. Emasculated by luxury, the Order was at length expelled by the French, and these by the English in 1800, when the native inclination, and the voice of Europe, confirmed these islands to Great Britain.

Among the curiosities of Malta I place in the foreground the inquisitor's palace, an execrated remnant of Vandal cruelty and ghostly oppression. It now holds a magnificent armoury, and the inquisition itself is no longer misnamed "a house of mercy." The public library was founded in 1760, by Bailly de Faucan, who presented it with 7700 volumes. It now contains 50,000, but many of them the trash of a papal age. The fortifications of this island form its greatest rarity, and certainly are a lasting monument of the magnanimity and resources of the military monks of Jerusalem. To the above may be added the church of St. John, also the catacombs, subterraneous abodes, or cemeteries, of the ancient inhabitants; and a church built, it is said, over a cave "in which St. Paul staid three months!" St. Paul had something better to do than become a monk. The British have added some valuable institutions, among which are the House of Industry, and an Hospital, which presents the chastest piece of architecture on the island. Malta may also be noted as the birth-place of some illustrious men, among whom *they* rank Hannibal the Carthaginian general, Lucius Cajus, of the equestrian order at Rome; Meander, who pleaded before the senate at Delos, under Aristemus and Archon, with other celebrated characters of antiquity. It is but on slender evidence that these names are attached to Malta; though it is certain the island has produced, in more modern times, some of deserved celebrity.

Till of late, all education has been neglected, and before our arrival the language was not reduced to a written standard. In this walk of usefulness the Church Missionary Society has

effected much, nor has the Wesleyan Missionary overlooked the necessity of elementary knowledge. Aided by the late Spanish and Sardinian consuls, I established, in 1820, a Normal School, which continues to this day, and contains about six hundred dear children. The religion of the island is the papal, in its most deleterious forms and influence. I suppose it must have been during the occupation of the island by the Normans and Arragoneses, that the fatal errors of the papal apostacy supplanted the purer truths introduced by the great apostle of the Gentiles, about the year 1300. The actual faith of the people produces its legitimate fruits,—superstition, falsehood, unfaithfulness, irregularity, even in many of the sacred order, extreme ignorance in the poor, and scepticism in the few who are enlightened.

In their afflictions, the people constantly fly to the aid of saints. Parturient females make vows; and I have often seen their *children*, even their *infants*, as a consequence, dressed in the habits of a monk! Every Monday, boxes, adorned with purgatorial images, go round the city, begging “money for the souls in purgatory.” Religious festivals are numerous and pompous, and the gaudy processions keep the city in a constant puppet-show. Fasting is frequent; yet in popery it is but a change from one food to another equally rich. On certain public occasions numerous devotees go round the city in procession, dragging at each heel a tremendous weight and length of iron chain. The bells are constantly rung in time of thunder. The popular apprehensions from ghosts present the painful effects of ignorance and superstition. In Lent, the people are canonically forbidden either to sell or use milk; and yet, in the exquisite casuistry of their divines, the milch goats perambulate the city as usual, and the men cry, “something white.” The people buy “something white,” though for the world they

would not purchase *milk*! In some processions children walk the streets dressed up as John the Baptist, or as angels, with wings appended to their shoulders, and a wire halo of glory round their head. Plenary indulgences are offered at the doors of the churches, and within the same buildings are publicly sold talismans to string round the neck, and charm away evil; thus turning the house of God into a house of deleterious merchandise.

Ardently wishing to diffuse among the enslaved descendants of Aristides the holy light of divine revelation, and thus to effect a happy revival of pure religion in a land trod by apostolic feet, the London Missionary Society sent to Malta a young German of the name of Weisenger, in the year 1809. At this island he staid to acquire Italian and Greek, and to make himself locally useful, while he still regarded it as a stepping-stone to the

“Land of the bard, the warrior, and the sage.”

Mr. Weisenger was followed by the Rev. B. Bloomfield, in 1812. While diligently employed in the acquisition of Italian and modern Greek, Mr. B. distributed an Italian version of Doddridge's *Rise and Progress*, the New Testament, and other books. He had the pleasure of learning that in consequence of the gift of two Greek Testaments to a convent in the Morea, the joyful monks rang the bells, and performed some unusual religious service. While the unhappy papal Missionaries in the Levant have done all in their power to eradicate the truth, the tens of thousands of copies of God's holy Word, since then sold and given gratis in numerous parts of Greece, form a splendid monument in proof that a fallen church cannot realize all the evil she may wish.

In the year 1814 it pleased the Lord of the harvest to translate to the church above, this pious and devoted servant of God.

The same eye that incessantly watches the reposing ashes of Bloomfield, whose tomb stands not more than ten minutes' walk from where I resided, piloted over the world of waters, in 1816, the Rev. Isaac Lowndes, with his wife and infant daughter, to succeed the departed labourer. Mrs. L. was shortly called to her rest, and her mortal remains slumber in the island of Zante, with this inscription on her grave,—*Ἐμοὶ γὰρ τὸ ζῆν Χριστὸς, καὶ τὸ ἀποθανεῖν κέρδος*, “for to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.” The Spirit of Christ was, I believe, the living principle of her new life—the love of Christ the rule of her life—the sufferings of Christ the ground of her life—the presence of Christ the joy of her life—the kingdom of Christ the hope of her life—and the glory of Christ the end of her life.

This highly interesting isle, in consequence chiefly of the unsettled state of Greece, was long tenanted by myself, and some other Missionaries from the Congregational churches of America. The latter brethren left for the Levant in 1833. There are at present in Malta, a devoted Wesleyan Missionary, and a very efficient Press, pertaining to the diocesan episcopal church of England. From missionary efforts in Malta, important and visible changes have resulted, both to the natives and the British garrison, and the fleets in those waters.

Since my return to England, it has pleased the All-wise to remove to the world of the blessed the endeared partner of my days, who, for about eight years prior to our departure for London, had been gradually declining under a most painful affection of the nervous system.—O let me hope, that the pious reader of this brief sketch, will lay it down with a fervent prayer, that the best of Heaven's blessings may continue to attend those men of God who now occupy this important “isle of the ocean.”

THE WORLD IS WITH ME STILL.

BY MRS. ABDY.

THOU vain and dazzling World, whose specious pleasures
 Once laid my youthful time and talents waste,
 I quit thy service, I abjure thy treasures,
 And thy enchanted cup forbear to taste ;
 I strive my Master's precepts to fulfil—
 Yet thou art with me still.

When in my peaceful study's calm seclusion,
 Silent I sit to read and to reflect,
 Thou on my thoughts wilt make unasked intrusion,
 In the fair garb of human intellect ;
 Amid the scholar's lore, the poet's skill
 The world is with me still.

In the congenial scenes of Christian union,
 Too much I lean on some frail mortal arm,
 Earth's baubles mingle with that dear communion,
 Taste, talent, eloquence my senses charm,
 To homely piety my heart feels chill—
 The world is with me still.

When I bestow alms, succour, or protection,
When works of charity I aid or plan,
I seek for human counsel and direction,
I court the smile, and fear the frown, of man ;
To God I cannot meekly bend my will—
The world is with me still.

Its sarcasms dismay, its censures grieve me ;
Its sought and chosen guide I sigh to be ;
Its praises soothe, its blandishments deceive me ;
Where shall I haste from my bright enemy ?
To what far hermitage retire from ill ? —
The world pursues me still.

I spoke, when, lo ! on my uneasy spirit,
A soft and heavenly voice appeared to rise,
—“ Vain trifler, boasting thy own worthless merit,
Proud of a few cheap acts of sacrifice ;
The world within thy heart still holds its throne,
And therefore seeks its own.

“Thou workest in thine own weak strength, still greeting
The world's delights beneath a different name,
And in the study, and the social meeting,
Excitement, mental treasures, mortal fame,
Are flowers by that false world before thee thrown,
To keep thee still its own.

“Seek not the hermit’s cell—on Thought’s swift pinion,
Phantoms of earth would still before thee stand ;
Seek not thy pious friends—sin found dominion
Even in the chosen apostolic band :
In the blest book of life thy way is shown—
Rest on that Rock alone.

“Rest on thy Saviour’s last and bitter trial,
There let thy sole, thy sure dependence be,
Lay thy poor wounded deeds of self-denial,
Humbly before the cross of Calvary ;
He who there died for sinners to atone,
Would have thee *all* his own.

“When in successive shapes of bright temptation
The world assaults thee, call upon his name,
Seek from his Holy Spirit consolation,
If doomed to suffer its reproach and shame,
And human hinderances and helps disown,
Clinging to him alone !”

HEBREW MELODY.

BY W. H. PRIDEAUX.

ISAIAH LIV. 1.

SING, O barren wilderness,
Break forth aloud in song ;
Brilliant and cumberless,
Roll its tide along.

Ocean, floods, and fountains,
Echo forth the sound ;
Caverned rocks and mountains
Reverberate it round.

Enlarge thy habitations,
Go, prosper on thy way,
And after generations
Thy calling shall obey.

Thou shalt not witness sorrow,
Nor be by fear undone,
But bright shall be thy morrow,
As the meridian sun !

Thy God will not forsake thee,
But husband thee aright,
And to many nations make thee
An animating light.

Awhile have I forsaken thee,
As a mate-forsaken dove,
But again in mercy taken thee,
O daughter of my love !

No more will I oppress thee
With the weapons of my wrath,
But beautify and bless thee,
And pleasant make thy path.

Though mountains may be moved,
And hills be scattered wide,
Yet from Judah my beloved
“ My face I will not hide.”

My loving-kindness never
Shall falter or decrease,
Nor be removed ever
My covenant of peace.

O thou ! afflicted—smitten—
Uncomforted—behold,
Thy redemption hath been written
In characters of gold !

With sapphires thy foundation
Will I firmly lay and raise,
On thy gates shall be Salvation,
And on thy bulwarks Praise !

THE MOTHER OF DODDRIDGE.

SPEAKING of the early religious impressions of the subject of his memoir, Job Orton, in his *Life of Dr. Doddridge*, observes :—

“ I have heard him relate that his Mother taught him the history of the Old and New Testament before he could read, by the assistance of some Dutch tiles in the chimney of the room where they commonly sat; and her wise and pious reflections upon the stories they represented, were the means of making some good impressions upon his heart, which never wore out: and therefore this method of instruction he frequently recommended to parents.”

There can be little doubt that the grateful satisfaction which this exemplary parent felt while thus discharging a mother's first and sweetest task, was heightened by the gladdening hopes which awakened interest excited, as, bending in tenderest affections over the precious charge, she

———“ answered all its questions, and asked others
As simple as its own, yet wisely framed
To wake and prove an infant's faculties;
As though its mind were some sweet instrument,
And she, with breath and touch, were finding out
What stops or keys would yield the richest music.”

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THE MISSIONARY'S REST.

BY THE EDITOR OF "THE PARTING GIFT."

"And fear to sorrow with increase of grief,
 When they who go before,
 Go furnished—or because their span was brief;
 When in the acquist of what is life's true gage,
 Truth, knowledge, and that other worthiest lore,
 They had fulfilled already a long age.
 For doubt not but that in the worlds above
 There must be other offices of love,
 That other tasks and ministries there are,
 Since it is promised, that his servants there
 Shall serve Him still!"

THE voice of lamentation is heard, "Alas! my brother!"—the Missionary, upon whom the eyes of his friends and country were turned, whose influence was co-extensive with his active labours, and for whom a bright career of success seemed in prospect, is summoned by the Lord to resign his commission. Amidst the sorrow occasioned by his removal, mournful speculations find utterance, as to the measure of usefulness of which he might have been the honoured instrument, had he been permitted to remain on earth. Following the track of discoverers, it is thought, he would have carried the glad tidings where

"Rivers unknown to song"

are the sad witnesses of pagan cruelties, and have caused the day-star of hope to arise where gross darkness has hitherto enveloped the nations. Languages, at present only the medium

of savage intercourse, might have become the vehicle of truth, while the upholders of idol supremacy were transformed into messengers of the most high God !

But it is over—he rests from his labours, and his works do follow him. His Master has said, “ Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

It is not then for us to conjecture what might have been the extent of his usefulness, for he is withdrawn from the sphere of action ; we must rather rejoice that he is now realizing the meaning of the Saviour's prayer, “ Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory.”

“ Say not,” (remarks an exquisite writer, on a similar subject,) “ that he is taken from the church universal, till you know the boundaries and precincts of that glorious church ; till you have measured the courts of the celestial temple, and counted the multitude which no man can number. Say not, that those who are summoned early from the church below, are taken from the universal church, or from the ministry of the saints, till you know what teachings, what helps, what preparations for final glory, are needed by a multitude of ransomed souls passing thence daily to the realms of immortality. Say not, that they have terminated their ministry to sinners, till you are sure that they are never commissioned to arrest the careless, to uphold the fainting, to stimulate the lukewarm, to approach in season the spirit of the weary, or him who slides upon the verge of ruin, with secret monitions, ineffable supports, and warnings which cannot be uttered ; till you are certain there are no such ministers of grace,—say not that the Lord of all, though it be a right of His unquestionable sovereignty, has quite taken away His servant from the church below.”*

* Sheppard's Sermon on the Death of a Young Minister.

If this be said in reference to any of the Lord's ministering servants, surely it is more especially applicable to those who have left home and country, and have "hazarded their lives for the name of Jesus Christ." Have we not witnessed the anxiety of such devoted men, when compelled by health, or any other cause, to revisit their native shores?—how affecting are their prayers for the flock they have left, and how persuasive their entreaties for help in the mighty cause. If there be a disinterested sentiment on earth, a single aim, a pure unmixed feeling, it is that of a Missionary yearning over the people of his charge, and longing to return to them. In that distant region, it is not the praise of man he seeks, but the approving smile of the Saviour; he goes forth to mockery and ill usage; for his love to obtain adversaries, and to make his life the sacrifice of his devotedness. Fearful in his struggle with the powers of darkness, great exercise of faith, and constant supplies of divine grace are needed, to support his fainting spirit, and to encourage him to go forward. Often does he echo the language of the weeping prophet, "Ah, Lord God, I cannot speak, for I am a child,"—or he goes out, like Nehemiah, to mourn and pray for surrounding desolations. Perhaps for a long period he is permitted to toil, and to gather no fruit; or, he is summoned in early years, to give an account of his stewardship. But, in either case, though he departs in peace, with a hope full of immortality, he laments with his dying breath the small progress of his work. He reviews the time he has spent in missionary labours, sorrows over lost opportunities and self-indulgences, and confesses that he has been an unprofitable servant. His last words are a prayer for the heathen.

Can it be, that these intense and holy feelings of interest cease with life? that the departed Missionary is no longer per-

mitted to care for sinners, or to be the bearer of glad tidings to them? rather say, What else can be implied, by his "entering into the joy of his Lord?" That joy is, the recovery of a lost world, and the tenderest exercise of love towards those who are rescued. "For thus saith the Lord God, Behold I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out. As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among the sheep that are scattered, so will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day." The Missionary on earth was a willing messenger in this divine work, and now he stands in the immediate presence, and is closely assimilated with his Lord, he is able to enter more fully into His gracious designs; with more earnest desire than ever he knew before, he longs for the disfranchisement of Satan's captives, and desires to see the ransomed people brought from the east and the west, to do homage to the Saviour. In the midst of the general assembly and church of the first-born, he forgets not the little flock he has left, to whom he trusts it is also the Father's good pleasure to give the kingdom; and when he joins the song of praise, he anticipates the union of other voices, which he first guided in prayer. No longer do the infirmities of the flesh weigh down his soul, but it mounts freely at the command of its Master, and untired pursues its glorious course. He has no need to toil in the acquirement of an earthly medium of communication; he has learned the language of Heaven, and speaks to the spirit which is in man. Who can say that he is not made the bearer of sweet promises and precious consolations to his bereaved converts? To one, threatened for the truth's sake with stripes or imprisonment, how powerful would be the gentle touch of an unseen hand striking the chords of memory! To another, the immaterial

presence of the departed teacher would forcibly recall his words at the last interview, when the warning, "solemn, but not severe," and the parting blessing, were given.

And why, we would ask, do we sometimes hear of a revival at a Missionary station, soon after the death of one of the most active labourers? We were ready to conclude that the day of grace was over for that benighted spot; and yet the Lord seems to care for it, and shine upon it still.

Alas for China! we said in our short-sightedness, when Morrison was called to his rest;—but behold the interest that has been awakened for that country since his departure! it may have been esteemed the mere impulse of a moment, a spark that shall expire, but

"The inextinguishable flame
Burns on, and shall for ever burn."

We will venture to say, that his death will prove the life of the enterprise, and that it is now his happiness to carry forward, on a far superior scale, and with increased powers of action, the work he loved.

It may, however, be objected to the theory we advance, that the continuance of such an interest in the world above, would involve a knowledge of the sins and sorrows of earth, to a degree that would impede unmingled enjoyment. To this we would answer, that the objection would apply as well to the ministry of angels, who, if they encamp around the saints, must be the continual witnesses of their infirmities and want of faith; though less able to sympathize with either, than the blessed spirits of the departed.

Many were the anxieties and watchings of the Missionary for his heathen charge—"in labours more abundant," in "perils" of many kinds, "in deaths oft;" and yet all this he has counted

joy for the sake of his Master; and now, in a state of purity and bliss, he will partake of the Saviour's felicity, rejoicing over His people, and "resting in His love."

If it be urged, that it would distress the spirit of a departed Missionary, to be a witness of pagan superstition, (which he must be, if still concerned for the work he has left,)—we would reply, that he no longer gazes on the sad scene with the eye of faith merely, but it is his privilege to view the kingdoms of this world, as they will be, when they become "the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ." While those yet in the body, trust and wait for the Lord's appearing, *he* realizes the fact, that, supreme over all evil, Jesus "reigns for ever and ever."

Nor will the troubles of his toiling brethren affect his comfort, for it will be his privilege to bestow upon them sympathy and encouragement; to be as the angels of God, meeting the tired pilgrim in the wilderness, and making it "the house of God, and the gate of heaven." With the immortal "chariots and horses of fire,"* he will be sent to the aid of a persecuted brother, or he may be the happy messenger of his final deliverance from earth.

These suggestions are offered for the consolation of Missionaries. When they are bound down by sickness or infirmity, they must not despondingly conclude, that because they have done so little for His glory, the Lord is about to remove them as unprofitable servants. No,—if He sees not fit to continue them in that sphere, He has prepared a higher station for them, and, like the portion of the host of Israel who first crossed the flood, they will look back with the deepest interest on those who are to follow their steps.

Let survivors also receive comfort, in believing that they are not left alone, even as it regards creature help; their former

* 2 Kings vi. 17.

companions in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, are near them still, "doing many an unscen office of love," and strengthening their hands in the important work in which they were mutually engaged.

And this, too, may be a solace to the little band of rescued souls, who mourn that "their master is taken from their head,"—and fear lest they should be tempted to relapse into idolatry. Let them be taught, that there is no forgetfulness in Heaven; and as they were "the glory and joy" of the Missionary whilst present with them, the change of his state has not alienated, but increased his pastoral affection. Still his thoughts towards them are of tenderness and watchfulness, and the language of his spirit is, "Stand fast in the Lord, dearly beloved." They are not permitted to see him, lest they should trust in a creature, or invoke less than Divine aid. He has no might nor power of his own; he is but, as he was wont, a minister of good to their souls; but it is his delight to be the promoter of their spiritual welfare, and to view them as the jewels which shall adorn his crown for ever.

"On! champions blest! in Jesu's name,
Short be your strife, your triumph full
Till every heart have caught your flame,
And, lightened of the world's misrule,
Ye soar those elder saints to meet,
Gathered long since at Jesu's feet;
No world of passions to destroy,
Your prayers and struggles o'er,
Your task all praise and joy."

Z.

CHRIST, THE PURIFIER.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE following story (I know not on what authority) is abroad in the religious world :—Some ladies in Dublin, who met together, from time to time, at each other's houses, to read the Scriptures, and to make them the subjects of profitable conversation ; when they came to the third chapter of the prophecy of Malachi, had some discussion over the second and third verses, respecting the method of purifying the precious metals. As none of the company knew anything about the process, one undertook to inquire of a silversmith, with whom she was acquainted, how it was effected, and, particularly, what was the business of the refiner himself, during the operation. Without explaining her motive, she accordingly went to her friend, and asked him how the silver was cleared from any dross with which it might have been mixed. He promptly explained to her the manner of doing this. “ But,” said the inquirer, “ do you sit, sir, at the work ?” “ Oh, yes,” he replied ; “ for I must keep my eye steadily fixed on the furnace, since, if the silver remain too long under the intense heat, it is sure to be damaged.” She at once saw the beauty and propriety of the image employed, “ He shall *sit* as a refiner of silver ;” and the moral of the illustration was equally obvious. As the lady was returning with the information to her expecting companions, the silversmith called her back, and said that he had forgotten to mention one thing of importance, which was, that he only knew the exact instant when the purifying process was complete, by *then* seeing his own countenance in it. Again the spiritual meaning shone forth through the beautiful veil of the letter. When God sees his

own image in his people, the work of sanctification is complete. It may be added, that the metal continues in a state of agitation till all the impurities are thrown off, and then it becomes *quite still*; a circumstance which heightens the exquisite analogy in this case; for O how

“ Sweet to lie *passive* in his hand,
And know no will but his.”

The subject was embodied in the following stanzas, at the urgent request of a friend, who, with her young family, was about to leave her native country, and settle in a distant part of the globe; but the writer's mind had received the first ineffaceable impression of the similitude and the inference, in the year 1832, from the lips of another dear friend, when she was nearly in her last agony, who meekly applied it to herself and her afflictions, which had been long and excruciating, yet borne by her as such pains can alone be borne, in God's furnace and under his eye—

“ HE SHALL SIT AS A REFINER AND PURIFIER OF SILVER.”

Mal. iii. 3.

He that from dross would win the precious ore,
Bends o'er the crucible an earnest eye,
The subtle, searching process to explore,
Lest the one brilliant moment should pass by,
When in the molten silver's virgin mass
He meets his pictured face, as in a glass.

Thus in God's furnace are his people tried;
Thrice happy they who to the end endure;
But who the fiery trial may abide?—

Who from the crucible come forth so pure,
That He, whose eyes of flame look through the whole,
May see his image perfect in the soul?

Nor with an evanescent glimpse alone,
 As in that mirror the refiner's face;
 But, stamp'd with heaven's broad signet, there be shewn
 Immanuel's features, full of truth and grace;
 And round that seal of love this motto be,
 " *Not for a moment, but—Eternity !*"

MAY 6, 1836.

VERSION OF AN ANCIENT PRAYER.

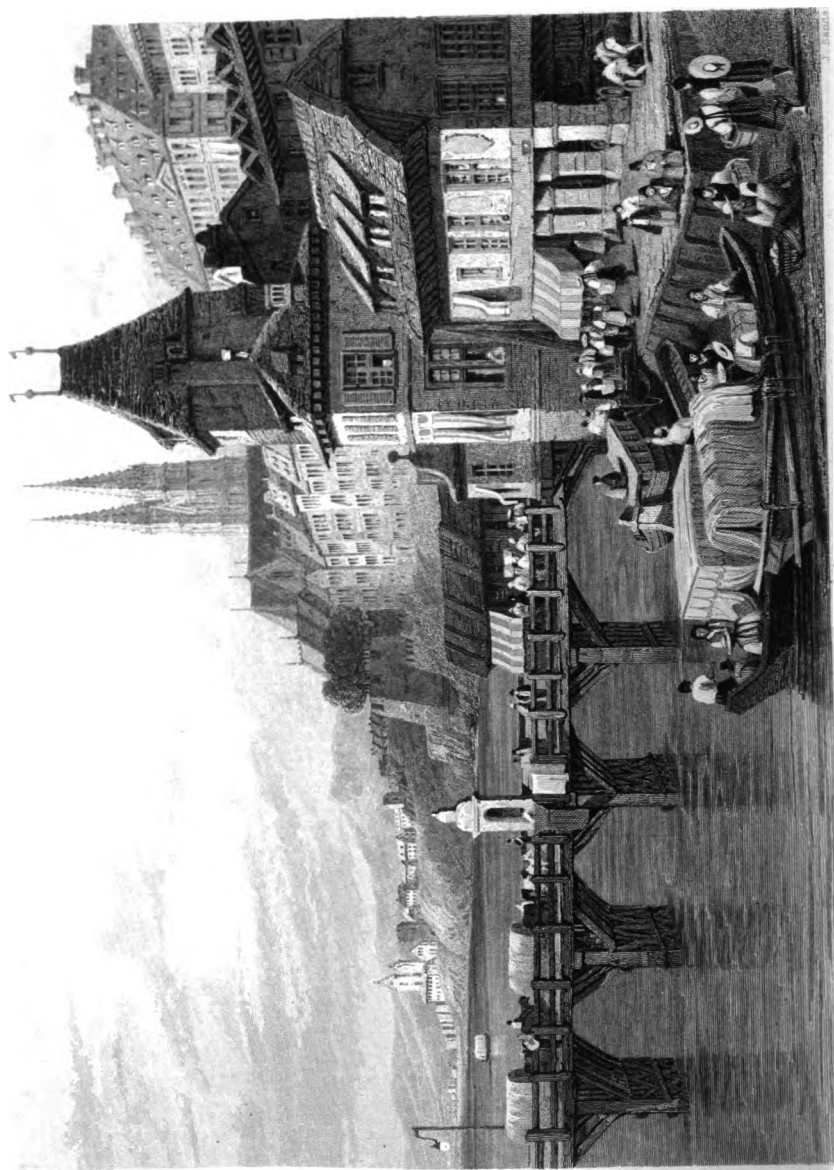
" Tell me, with what confidence canst thou lie down to sleep, and pass away the darkness of the night, unless thou shalt first arm thyself by fervent and devout prayer ?

St. Chrysostom de Orando Deum.

O Thou eternal Source of light,
 Thou Sun of righteousness, most bright,
 Rising in glory evermore,
 And never-setting,—giving store
 Of food, life, gladness, unto all
 That duly on thy bounties call :—
 Vouchsafe, great God ! on me to shine,
 Shed on my mind thy rays divine,
 Illume its darkness, as the day,
 Disperse my sins' black mists away :
 From errors' path my footsteps guide,
 Nor let me from thy presence slide.
 O Thou, the God whom I adore,
 Be with me, now and evermore !

L. F.

Ravestock.



BASLE.

BY THE REV. DR. STEINKOPFF.

BASLE, or Basil, (or in German, Basel,) is one of the most wealthy cities of Switzerland. It is a frontier-town, at a small distance from the borders of Germany and France, beautifully situated on the banks of the Rhine, which divides the city into two principal parts, denominated "gross- und klein Basel," (the larger and smaller Basle,) connected by a bridge. Its environs have many attractions of natural scenery: here may be seen green meadows, and productive corn-fields; there richly-laden orchards and vineyards; here the eye may feast on wooded hills, and there on distantly rising mountains, while the valleys exhibit many a populous town and village. The advantageous position of Basle has enabled its merchants and manufacturers to carry on a very profitable trade, not only with the interior of Switzerland, but also with Germany, France, and the Italian States. Its present population amounts to less than 20,000 inhabitants, while, some centuries ago, it is stated to have exceeded 30,000. Soon after the blessed Reformation was begun by Luther and Melancthon in Germany, and by Zuinglius and Calvin in Switzerland, the citizens of Basle joined many of their brethren in Zurich, Geneva, Bern, Schaffhausen, and other Swiss towns, in making a public profession of a purer and more scriptural faith, greatly encouraged thereto by the celebrated Ecolampadius. Many faithful witnesses of the truth have ever since been raised up

in this favoured city, and many useful institutions established there, chiefly in the latter part of the eighteenth, and in the course of the present century. About sixty years ago, a society was formed "For Promoting Christian Knowledge and Practical Piety," branches of which extended to different parts of Switzerland, Germany, Prussia, Holland, and Denmark. This society opened a friendly correspondence with pious people of various Christian churches and denominations in the countries above referred to, and called the energies of many of the distressed servants and children of God into active exertion and beneficial co-operation, partly by circulating suitable communications in MSS., and partly by issuing periodical publications from the press, for the mutual instruction, edification, and encouragement of its members. Thus it proved a blessing to hundreds and thousands, and also prepared the way for the establishment of other institutions calculated for still more extensive usefulness. Soon after the origin of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in 1804, a kindred association in connection with it was formed at Basle, most respectably supported by a number of pious clergymen and laymen. This association has experienced a signal blessing from the Most High, and has been a favoured instrument of disseminating the entire Bible, or New Testament, in the German, French, Italian, Romanese, Hebrew, and various other languages, to the amount of upwards of 100,000 copies, both among Christians and Jews, among Protestants and Catholics.

During the late wars of the Continent, Basle was often exposed to imminent dangers, and more than once threatened with entire destruction; but so striking were the interpositions of God's protecting and delivering providence on behalf of its inhabitants, more especially in the memorable year 1815, that, penetrated with a sense of gratitude, many proposed to them-

selves that important question, "What shall we render unto the Lord for all His benefits?" As a lasting monument of such grateful acknowledgment, they determined to form themselves into a Missionary Society for propagating that Gospel among different nations of the earth, the divine power and efficacy of which they had themselves experienced in a time of trouble and perplexity. With a view to the attainment of this benevolent design, they established a Missionary Seminary for the express purpose of educating pious young men desirous to go forth as messengers of peace and salvation to benighted heathen and Mahometan tribes. In Christian simplicity they began, constrained by the love of a crucified and glorified Redeemer, and humbly depending on His all-sufficient aid, guidance, and blessing.

The commencement of their work was small indeed, but trusting in that adorable Redeemer, to whom all power is given in heaven and on earth, and who graciously promised to his feeble disciples to be with them always, even unto the end of the world, they went on cheerfully from strength to strength, deriving encouragement and pecuniary support from pious individuals, as well as from associations, in different parts of Switzerland, Germany, and Prussia. Having been enabled to purchase large and convenient premises for a missionary seminary, they selected, for its superintendent or inspector, the Rev. Mr. Blumhardt, a member of the university of Tuckugen, well qualified by his talents, erudition, piety, enlightened zeal, and sound discretion, to fill so important a station. He was aided in his multiplied labours by able coadjutors, and the missionary students enjoyed the additional advantage of admission to several of the public lectures delivered by the professors of the university of Basle.

The blessed work has now been carried on for twenty-one

years; not indeed without trials and difficulties, but still with such evident blessing from above, that upwards of one hundred missionary students have been educated in the seminary; most of whom have already entered upon their labours in the wide field of the world. Some have devoted their time and talents for the more immediate benefit of various ancient Christian churches in Europe, Asia, and Africa, such as the Greek, Armenian, Coptic, Syrian, and Abyssinian churches, and have succeeded in rekindling here and there the almost expiring flame of pure Christian faith and Christian love. Others have endeavoured to plant the standard of the Cross among a variety of Mahometan tribes in the Russian, Turkish, and Persian empires. Some have remembered the deplorable state of the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and hastened to their assistance; one of whom, the Rev. Mr. Ewald, has visited, with a more immediate reference to their conversion, the piratical cities of Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, where thousands of the descendants of Abraham are dispersed. The greater part of the Basle missionaries have, however, proceeded to the benighted heathen in the East Indies and Western Africa, labouring there with indefatigable zeal and perseverance. "to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and an inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith in Christ." Not a few of the Basle missionary students have entered into the service of the English missionary societies, while others have been prepared, fitted out, sent forth, and maintained at the sole expense of the Basle society. Nor have their labours been in vain in the Lord. In some instances the seed, committed to the ground with a trembling hand but with a prayerful heart, has already begun to spring up, bringing forth fruit thirty, sixty, and an

hundred fold : in others, the hard and barren ground has been broken up and cleared for the reception of the incorruptible seed of Divine truth. Many of the missionary brethren have endured the greatest hardships in this work of faith and labour of love, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ ; some have encountered storms of persecution in their great Master's service ; and several " have not even counted their lives dear unto themselves, so that they might finish their course with joy, and the ministry which they had received of the Lord Jesus Christ, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

Once a year festive assemblies are held in one of the churches, most numerous and respectably attended, not merely by benevolent inhabitants of Basle, but also by many deputies and friends of the Bible, Missionary, and Tract Societies on the Continent. It is pleasing to observe, that in addition to the Christian institutions above-mentioned, other societies and associations have successively arisen, for training up able and truly Christian schoolmasters, for the support and education of orphans and other destitute children, for giving maintenance and instruction to the deaf and dumb, for visiting the sick and the prisoners, as well as for sending out colporters or hawkers, with bibles and tracts into neighbouring countries, some of which excellent institutions have their seat and centre in the city of Basle, others in its vicinity. Among the latter, the Orphan, and the Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Bengen, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, deserves to be specified.

Nor should it be left unnoticed, that there has subsisted for these many years past in Basle, a flourishing society in immediate connection with the Moravian Brethren, some of whose members belong to the very first families in the city ; who, so far from being ashamed of the gospel of Christ, count

it their honour and privilege publicly to express it, and to promote the cause of vital Christianity in a variety of ways.

They afford very efficient help to the missions carried on by the Moravians in the Christian and heathen world. It may be truly asserted that Basle, with its comparatively small population, has for many years taken, and still is taking, a prominent part in advancing the cause of humanity and Christianity both at home and abroad; but with equal truth it may be stated, that its benevolent and pious inhabitants have, in the midst of all trials and difficulties, richly experienced the fulfilment of that gracious promise, "that those who water others, should also be watered themselves."

The Rev. Mr. Falneissen, rector of the cathedral, is president* of the Basle Bible Society, and the Rev. Mr. Von Brun, vicar of St. Martin's church, of the Missionary Society. Among their committee members there are some truly benevolent merchants, who not merely lend the most active aid to the clergy in conducting the business of these institutions, but some of whom have generously set apart a certain sum of money as a trading capital, all the profits of which is placed at the disposal of the Missionary committee; and they nobly determined themselves to bear any loss which they might happen to sustain in the employment of that capital. The annual income of the Missionary Society amounted in the first years only to a few thousand Swiss francs, but in the year 1835 it exceeded the sum of 86,000 francs, (upwards of £5,000.) Among its munificent benefactors there are several distinguished members of princely houses in Germany, while, at the same time, thousands of pious peasants most cheerfully present their humble offerings on this altar of Christian charity.

TINTERN ABBEY.

BY THE REV. W. L. NICHOLS, M.A.

ELOQUENT ruin! that, with hoary brow,
Tell'st thine old tale of frailty and decay,
And speak'st of man's vicissitude, to man!
Awe-struck, I tread thy grassy courts, and own
The spirit of the place, and feel the power
Of old religion, lingering still beside
Her prostrate shrines and altars cold, inviting
To meditation and to solemn thought.

I dream of what thou wast, and thy dim aisles
People with airy shapes, and seem to hear
The chant of holy voices faintly die
Along the echoing walls! Lo! *there*, with gem
Adorned, and gold, shone the High Altar! clouds
Of incense, forth from fragrant censer flung,
Mingled with choral symphonies, went up
And curl'd around each clustering pillar's shaft,
And hid the branchy roof, while bent around
The kneeling crowd of worshippers! Deem not,
Albeit with error mixed, their worship vain:—
Amidst a barbarous age, here Learning found
A refuge; holy men, from court or camp,
Heart-sore, and weary of the world, sought out
The shelter of monastic solitude,
Exchanged the soldier's mail for russet stole
And robe of saintly hue, and hither came
To lay their bones in peace. They sleep within
The ruined cloister's pale, unconscious
That all is changed around. The taper's light

Is quenched ; the pealing anthem hushed ; and now,
 For penitential sighs, the night-breeze howls
 Round the old pile ; for holy music now,
 The wild birds, nature's choristers, pour forth
 Their matin hymn of praise, and deftly mock
 The monk's old song ; but chiefly, (when the moon
 Has tipped with silver every ivy-bough,
 And, through the southern window's tracery, darts
 Her meeken'd light, full-orbed,—illuminating
 Each carving quaint, corbel and jutting frieze,)
 The nightingale her *miserere* sings ;
 While frequent, heard across the stream, from out
 The dodder'd oak that stands beside the grange,
 The hermit-owl responsive shouts.

'Tis thus

Man's works, like man, grow old and die ;
 Nature and nature's God are still the same :
 The circling mountains look down, as of yore ;—
 The ancient woods still wave their branches ;—still
 The river winds around the mossy walls ;—
 All else is changed or changing. — Happy they,
 Who, taught to draw from all created things
 Their hidden wisdom, (lessons of faith and love,)
 Upon the Rock of ages build their hopes,
 And, as they walk the earth, look up to heaven !

Spirit of love ! that dost vouchsafe to dwell
 Within the ruined chambers of man's breast
 Enshrined as in a temple ! effluence bright !
 Leave not the mansion tenantless, lest weed
 And tangled shrub their'noxious fibres twine
 Around its walls, and, while they clasp, destroy :
 Lest other guests, (the rightful Lord shut out,)—

Spectres and evil demons,—enter in
 And revel there, a hideous troop! Return,
 Celestial visitant, return and dwell
 Within the desolated ruin! All
 Its pristine beauty renovate, and raise
 A LIVING TEMPLE to the King of Kings!

St. James's, Bath, July, 1836.

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

HIGH Priest, who hast been tempted
 In all respects as we, yet without sin,
 That, from sin's meed exempted,
 Thy servants might a crown of glory win;
 By thine own passion and deep tribulation,
 Be with us in the dark hour of temptation.

For prone are we to linger
 Upon the utmost verge thy law prescribes,
 To touch, with impious finger,
 The barrier which thy holy word inscribes
 Around the path that leadeth to salvation;
 Oh, lead us not, good Lord, into temptation.

Thou, who thyself hast proved
 The tempter's force, even in darkest hour,
 Our Guide, whom it behoved
 To stand, untouched, temptation's fiercest power;
 Hear thou, O Lord, the voice of our oration,
 Deliver us, deliver, from temptation.

1834.

F.R.C

THE EMU AND THE INKSTAND.

It may not be universally known, that the Emu is a bird of the giant-class, and remarkable as much for its extreme witlessness, especially in the matter of its food, as for its bulk. In its confined state, at least, it will swallow every thing within reach, without regard to any other circumstance than its capability of entering the stomach; a fact which seems sufficient to account for Fable ascribing such amazing powers of digestion to the ostrich—a bird of the same family. Nails, halfpence, and other articles equally contrary, one would think, to the guiding instinct of the creature as to its life, have been found within it, when the causes of its mortal and mysterious illness have been sought after.

From this unaccountable characteristic arose a circumstance so interesting and instructive, that it should not, I think, be suffered to descend into oblivion altogether unnoticed, nor without leaving behind it some conspicuous trace of its being. The circumstance alluded to was related by the keeper of an extensive menagerie—a man most observant of the peculiarities of every animal committed to his care.

An Emu was once brought into his custody, which most unaccountably sickened and died within a few weeks afterwards. Upon opening the body, to his astonishment he found the cause of her malady and death to be a glass inkstand, which was enveloped in the creature's stomach, and which she had

previously swallowed. His wonder was now transferred from the cause of her death, to the manner in which she had possessed herself of so deadly a morsel; and to solve this mystery, he inquired of all connected with the menagerie; but none could at all elucidate the matter, and he was constrained to leave it shrouded in conjectural uncertainty.

But time, that great revealer of secrets, not long after brought the very captain by whom the Emu had been conveyed to the British shores to the keeper's door. And the conversation turning upon the occasion of their former interview and acquaintance, he was told the circumstances of its death, and subsequent examination; and as the several particulars were related, an unlooked-for surprise and anxiety, accompanied by deep blushes, settled upon his countenance. At the close of the brief narrative, he paused a moment, and then said, "You will not wonder, Mr. ———, that your statement has so affected me, when I tell you that I fear it will too truly explain an event which occurred on my homeward voyage, and which now pains me exceedingly. Yet I would not but have heard that statement for a thousand times the value of the poor bird. Can you shew me the inkstand?" "O yes!" replied the keeper, as he took it from among similar curiosities on his mantel-shelf, and put it into his hand, "here it is." "This is the very thing," rejoined the captain, "this inkstand was on the quarter-deck close by my side, when I last used it, and the hapless Emu was within an iron coop not far off. I had occasion to go into my cabin ere I had finished my letter, and, on my return, the inkstand had disappeared. Positive that I had left it on the deck, I made every inquiry, and ordered the strictest search after it, but in vain; none had touched it, none had seen it, nor was it any where to be found.

Far from imagining the true cause of my loss, the amount of which I was compelled to estimate not by cost, but the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of then replacing it, I became excessively angry, and at once accused and condemned the poor fellow whom I had left in its neighbourhood, to be flogged for the suspected crime, notwithstanding his solemn protestations of innocence. He bore the grievous infliction with patience; for though a black, he was, I believe, a Christian. And now, Sir, I cannot rest till I have found him out, and made him full reparation." So saying, the captain took up his hat, and hastily departed, leaving his host and family wondering not more at his recital, than at the power of that principle which drove him so unceremoniously from their company.

Reader, where is not the man who has so misjudged, so miscondemned, if not so unjustly punished, his brother? but where is he to be found who is equally prompt to retrace his steps, equally anxious to repair his fault?

SAILOR MISSIONARIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LABOURERS FOR THE HARVEST."

As a subject which has hitherto been only discussed theoretically becomes of so much more importance when corroborated by facts, I may be allowed to bring forward one or two "illustrative anecdotes," in order to prove the position I maintained, that sailors may be reckoned among the best agents for scattering abroad the precious seed of saving truth. In their own descriptive manner, I must likewise be permitted to relate the circumstances as they occurred, for which I make no apology to those who, from frequent association with seamen, are accustomed to sea terms.

In the spring of the year 1833, a small vessel left the port of Liverpool for the West Indies; she had scarcely cleared the channel, when it came on to blow a hurricane; the gale now at N. W.; and then suddenly backing to S. and S. S. W., and then hauling round again to its former point; in consequence of which there was a dirty cross sea on; and because the ship did not very well answer her helm, there was a constant danger of her broaching-to. The crew were very profligate, with the exception of the master, who was a member of the Seamen's Church in the port from which he had just sailed. Though in the commencement of the gale much profane swearing had been heard, yet all hands becoming sensible of the danger to which they were every moment exposed, the efforts to keep the ship in order

were at length made in silence. The storm, though violent, was of short duration ; towards evening the weather moderated, and at length the anxious master quitted his station beside the man at the wheel, and, worn and wearied, threw himself into his berth. " It was but a dog's watch," said the helmsman who related the story, " and he was again on the quarter-deck ; but the weather had changed entirely, and the day was dawning auspiciously, with a fine steady breeze. All hands were quickly mustered : " My boys," said the captain, " here is as fine a wind as heart could wish, and we will take every advantage of it, and cover her from the trucks to the ridge-ropes ; but, avast there ! before we start a haulyard or a reef-point, all hands turn to, and praise God for preserving us to see this glorious morning." Down he fell on his knees, just where he stood ; and the men, taken by surprise, or seeming to catch his feelings, sunk down one after another, some of them trying to stow themselves away behind the capstan, or the jolly-boat, while I hung over the wheel ; but never did my ears listen to such a prayer as that ! Methought, while he spoke of angels praising God, who were never exposed to the perils by which sinners are surrounded, it might fill an angel's eye and heart to see our gallant crew at their morning devotions. And just then as I glanced my eye along the deck, I saw the rising sun upon our larboard beam, as if in admiration of the sight. When the master had done praying, all hands began making sail ; but I could see many a shirt sleeve, as the men ran up the tacklings, employed in brushing away the tear, and drying the cheek. That evening, all hands were summoned aft, to prayers. The master read a chapter out of the Bible, and made a short address. He said, that to preserve a conscience void of offence toward God and man, and to walk in the fear of the Lord, was to have the wind abaft the beam, and clear heavens, during the

whole voyage of life. Afterwards he prayed; and throughout the voyage, (and a happy time we had of it,) we had prayers every morning and evening; and the sabbaths were much the same as ashore.

By the time we reached Antigua, the captain was not the only religious man on board; but, as the second mate said, we might be a cargo of Missionaries, sent to drive the devil out of the island. Indeed we tried to do it, to the best of our power, for we held meetings on board, and on shore, to which sailors came continually, and several hands could preach as well as the captain himself; and we saw black and white turning to God with tears and cries, and not a few obtained mercy, and blessed God for the "Sailor Missionaries."

In the same year, (1833,) J. P. arrived in Jamaica, and shortly after was seized with the malignant fever of the country; he was carried ashore to the hospital, and then pronounced incurable. An aged black woman, who attended on him, hearing that his case was considered desperate, obtained permission to carry him to her own dwelling; and there God so blessed her charitable efforts, that the young man was speedily restored to health. As soon as he was able to speak, prompted as well by gratitude as duty, he sought to shew his affectionate nurse that *her* soul was yet more diseased than *his* body had been. The patient in turn became the physician, and the same divine blessing rendered successful his more important efforts. When she had administered his medicine, the nurse would kneel down by his bedside, while he read to her a portion of the word of God, and poured out his soul in prayer for the daughter of Ham.

As soon as his strength permitted, a few of the negroes who resided near, were called in to listen to his conversation, and

before he left the island, he had the happiness of knowing that many to whom he had been the messenger of glad tidings, were seeking the Lord with their whole heart.

W. G. left England in a vessel bound to Bombay. In the course of the voyage his consistent conduct and zealous endeavours to bring his shipmates to the knowledge of the truth, had been blessed of God to the conversion of several of the crew, and, on reaching their destination, these devoted young men exerted themselves to the utmost, to proclaim to the natives and the Europeans the way of salvation. They mustered what tracts they could find in the ship, they procured some also on shore, and they raised among themselves a sum of money which they employed in purchasing copies of the word of God, to distribute wherever an opportunity offered. They held meetings for prayer, in which they saw, with devout thankfulness, much fruit of their labours. On one occasion, as they were pulling to shore to an evening meeting, a boat shot past them belonging to a British frigate that lay but a small distance from their own vessel, and W. G. recognized in her a former shipmate. The next day he obtained leave to visit his old companion; and such were his pious exertions with this man and others, that, before they parted, several of the gallant crew of the man-of-war had volunteered to serve the Lord.

Anecdotes of a similar kind, sufficient to fill a volume, might easily be afforded, for wherever the religion of the gospel exists, its possessor is moved to make known the blessedness he enjoys. "Ye are the salt of the earth, the light of the world," said the Saviour to his disciples; and the ardent spirit of a British sailor forms a powerful illustration of his words. The simplicity that marks his disposition prevents any attempt at concealment;

nor would he assume a character, or make a profession, that does not belong to him. Oh, when the soul of a sailor is lighted up by divine grace, he will not put his candle under a bushel, but cause its light to shine on all around ! Let it be our endeavour to kindle the sacred flame, and to send forth pious seamen, who shall bear the hallowed treasures to distant nations. Let them be the Missionaries of the isles who wait for his law, until from the north and the south, and the east, and the west, penitent sinners shall "stretch out their hands unto God."

E. L.

AND THE DEAD WERE JUDGED OUT OF THOSE THINGS WHICH
WERE WRITTEN IN THE BOOKS, ACCORDING TO THEIR
WORKS. REV. XX. 12.

IN thought I saw a young and laughing child,
Beside him lay a fair unwritten book ;
Scarce had a trace its folded leaves defiled,
Nor might I on those stainless pages look ;
From his fair face the clustering curls he shook,
And as his play the fleeting hours beguiled,
Heedless what path his wayward pencil took,
He graved upon its pages traces wild,
Yet ne'er to be effaced, and still he wrote and smiled.

The passing years rolled on their restless tide,
Nor yet had time with his relentless plough
Graven one furrow where pale care might hide,
Or where disease her rankling seeds might sow ;
Still sunlight gleamed upon that youthful brow,
Still lay that open volume by his side ;
With careless eye he looked upon it now,
And with a hasty hand his pen he plied,
As seeking with fresh speed its devious course to guide.

But Time is fleeting ever, and his flight,
Though all unheeded still by mortal eye,
Yet breaks at length upon the gazer's sight;
Youth strikes her banner as he passes by,
And fancy yields to cold reality :—
Oh ! can ye trace that youthful forehead bright
In this dark thoughtful brow ?—that sparkling eye
In this which bends, still, still that page to write,
In mystery closed awhile, yet soon to come to light ?

Manhood hath come and gone, and age appears
And many a gentle monitor is sent
To warn the lingerer in the vale of tears
That soon life's little lamp shall all be spent ;
That, worn with toil, beneath the burden bent
Of life's long catalogue of weary years,
Soon must the waiting pilgrim strike his tent
For Jordan's dark unfathom'd wave he hears,
And now the closing page of that mysterious book appears.

What vision next is seen ? We may not gaze
Through the dim portals of the silent tomb ;
No mortal hand the hallow'd veil may raise
Which guards the secrets of the world to come ;
We may not hear the irrevocable doom
Given on that record of man's fleeting days,
Writ by himself ; we turn and look at home,
Such book is ours,—and still 'tis ours to trace
The lines of life or death on its unfinished space !

E.M.I.

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